

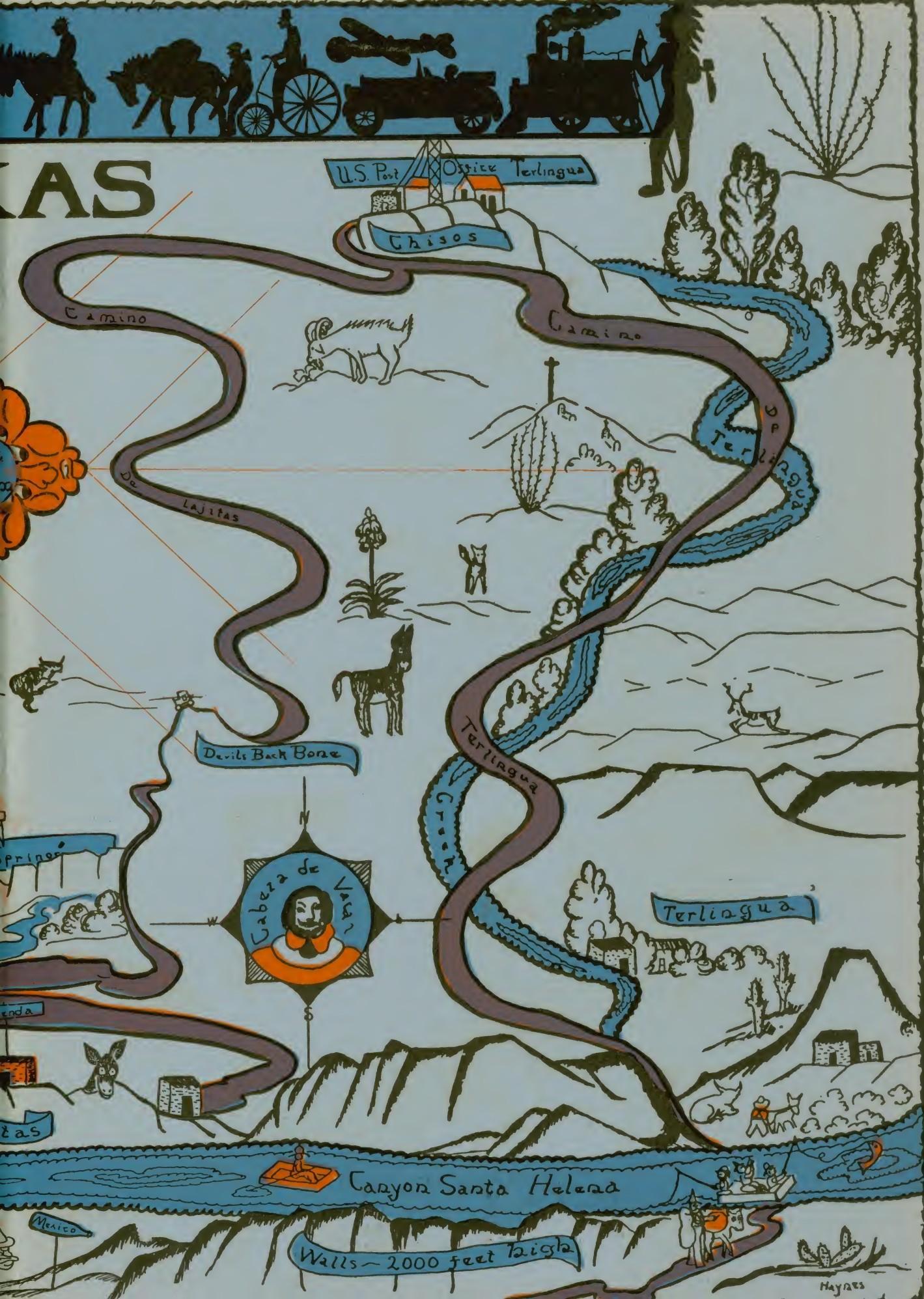
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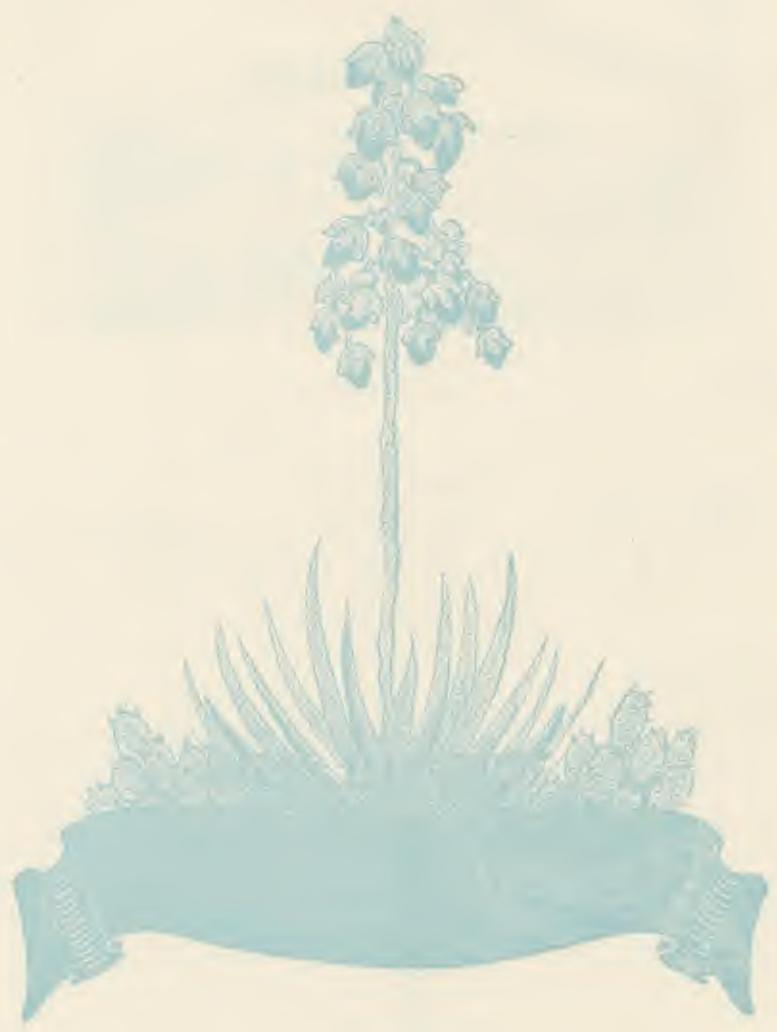


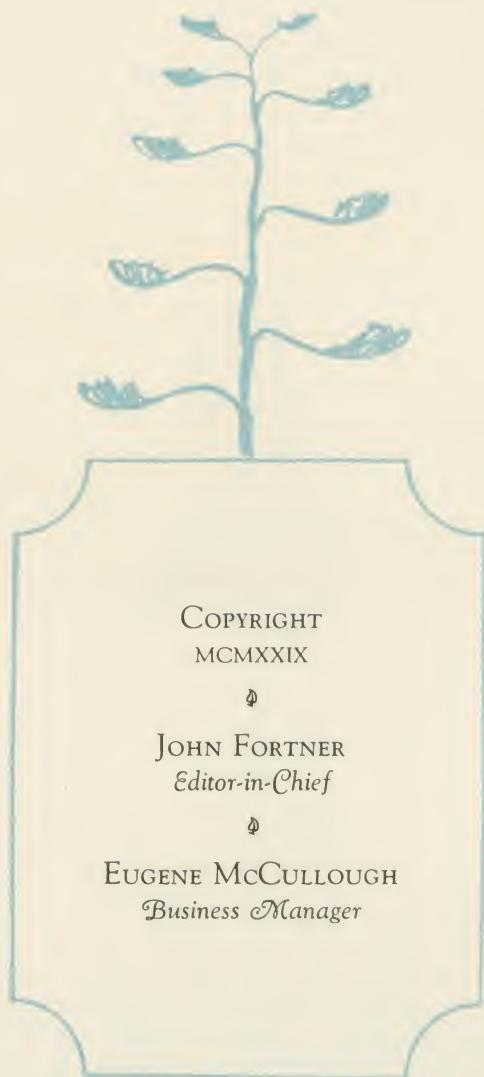
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THE BRAND

1929

THE YEAR BOOK
OF
SUL ROSS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENT BODY

Volume Nine



Foreword

IN this Big Bend Country, with its spirit of vigorous and elemental beauty—a spirit that dwells in the rocks of its mountains, the flowers of its desert, and the hearts of its sturdy pioneers—the red man, the Spanish explorer, the Mexican, and the ranchers and cowboys from various states wrote their records upon the cliffs, the deserts, and the plains long years before we, the students of Sul Ross, came to take our place among its hills and to have our share in the making of its history.

We have endeavored in the 1929 Brand to capture that spirit of rugged and enduring beauty and to depict against the background of this age-old western land, with its wealth of history and legend, the scenes of our own happy and interesting activities.



Brand Staff

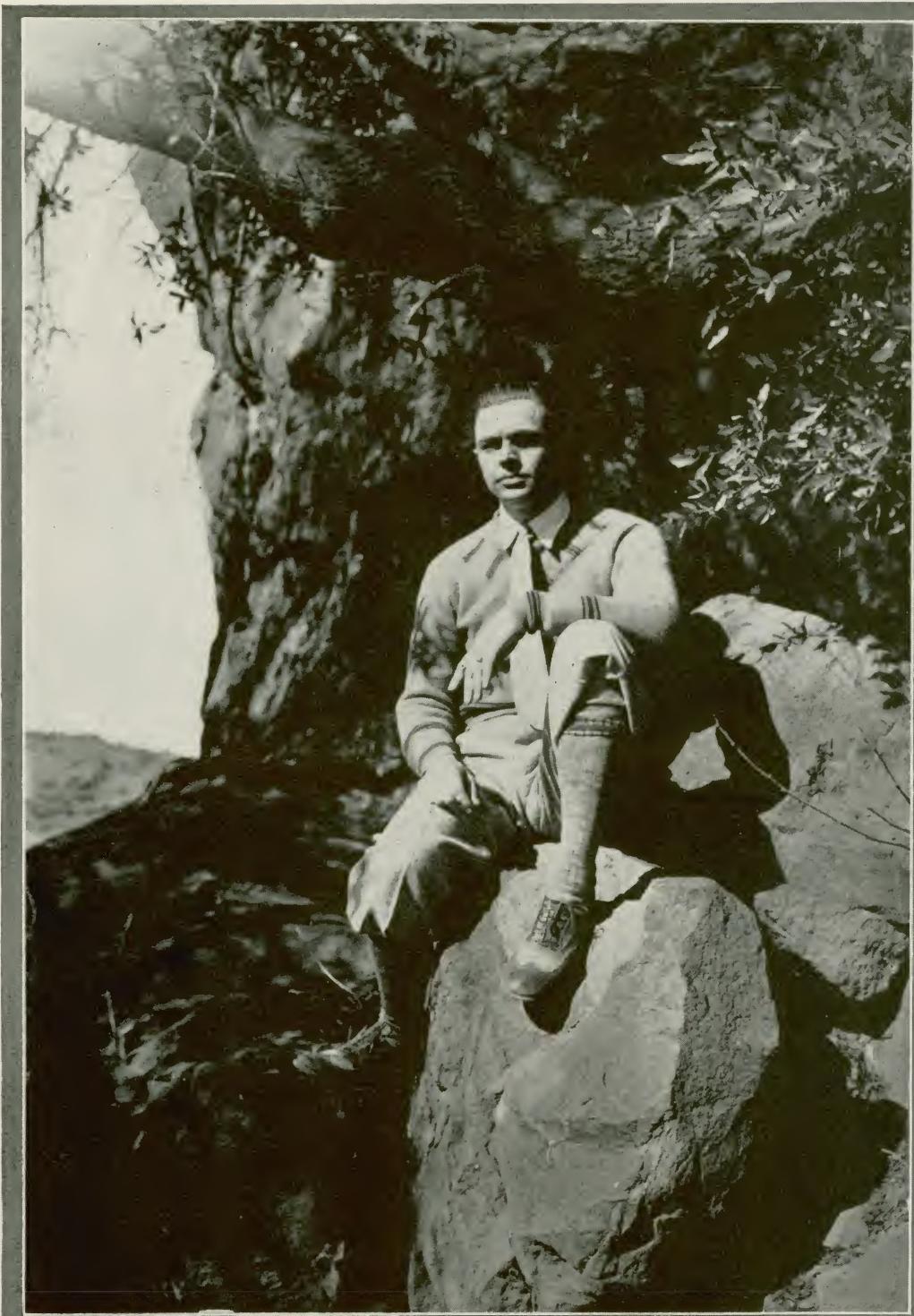
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Dedication

IT is a privilege to dedicate this book,
the BRAND of 1929, to a scholarly
professor, a teacher of rare ability and
originality, a man who is the embodi-
ment of eternal boyishness — to

HENRY EASTON ALLEN,
the friend of every student in Sul Ross.



Preface

IN this part of Texas, rich in legend and tradition, the Sul Ross student who has eyes to see and ears to hear has only to look around for glimpses that suggest other civilizations, and sounds that echo the clamor of past generations. The BRAND of 1928 attempted to portray our Indian background, and to that end pictured the red man's life before the tread of the conquistador was heard in the land. The Indian's eaves, his pictographs, and his reliques were reproduced. The present BRAND has set itself the task of furthering acquaintanee with our friend and neighbor, the border Mexican, and of catching in art the border background--the adobe comercios and restaurantes, the old cemeteries and mission bells, the goat trails and various natural scenes along the Rio Grande, all of which give character to the Big Bend Section and make our environment distinctive in the locale of American colleges.



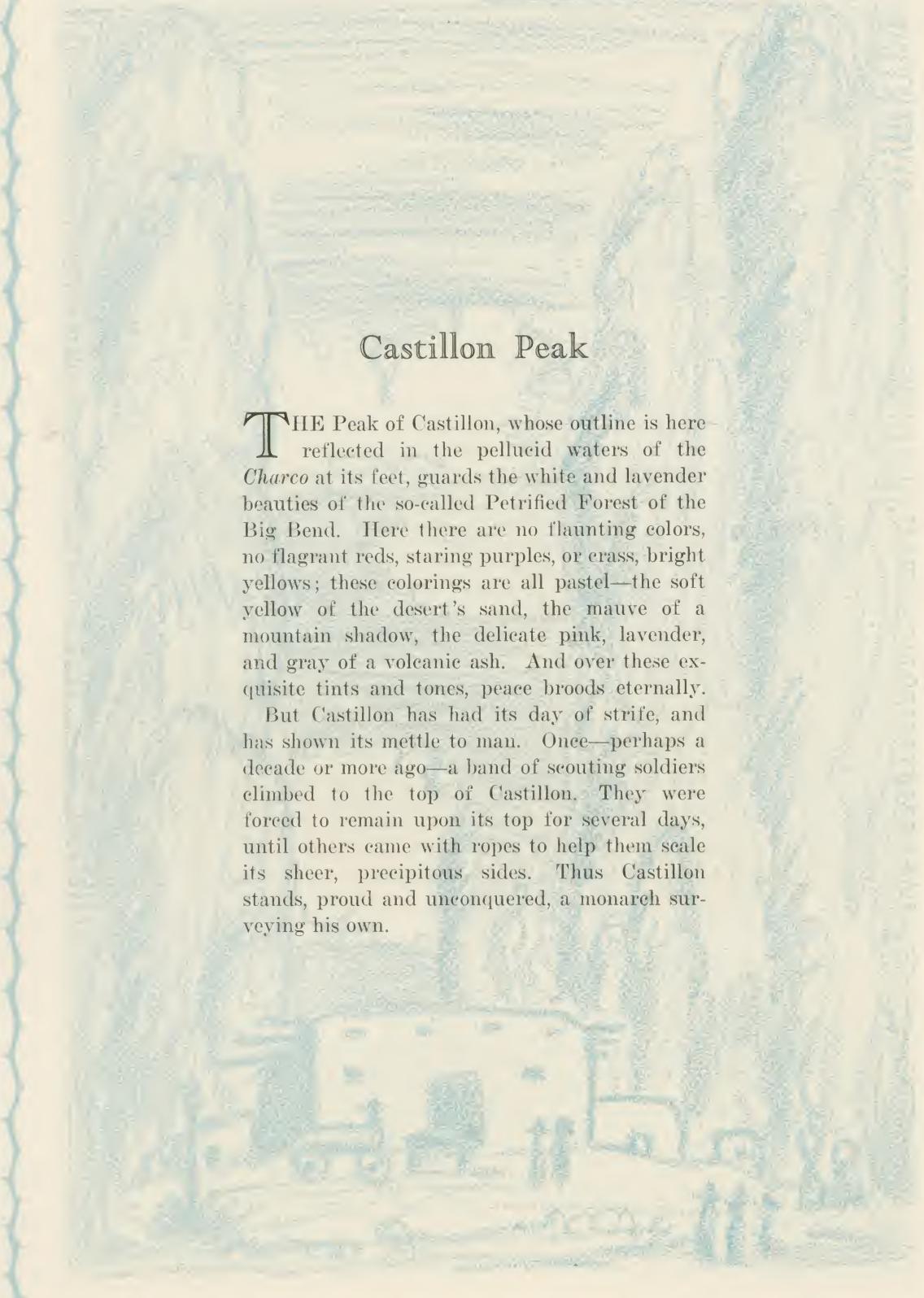
SANTA HELENA CEMETERY



PACK MULES IN OLD MEXICO



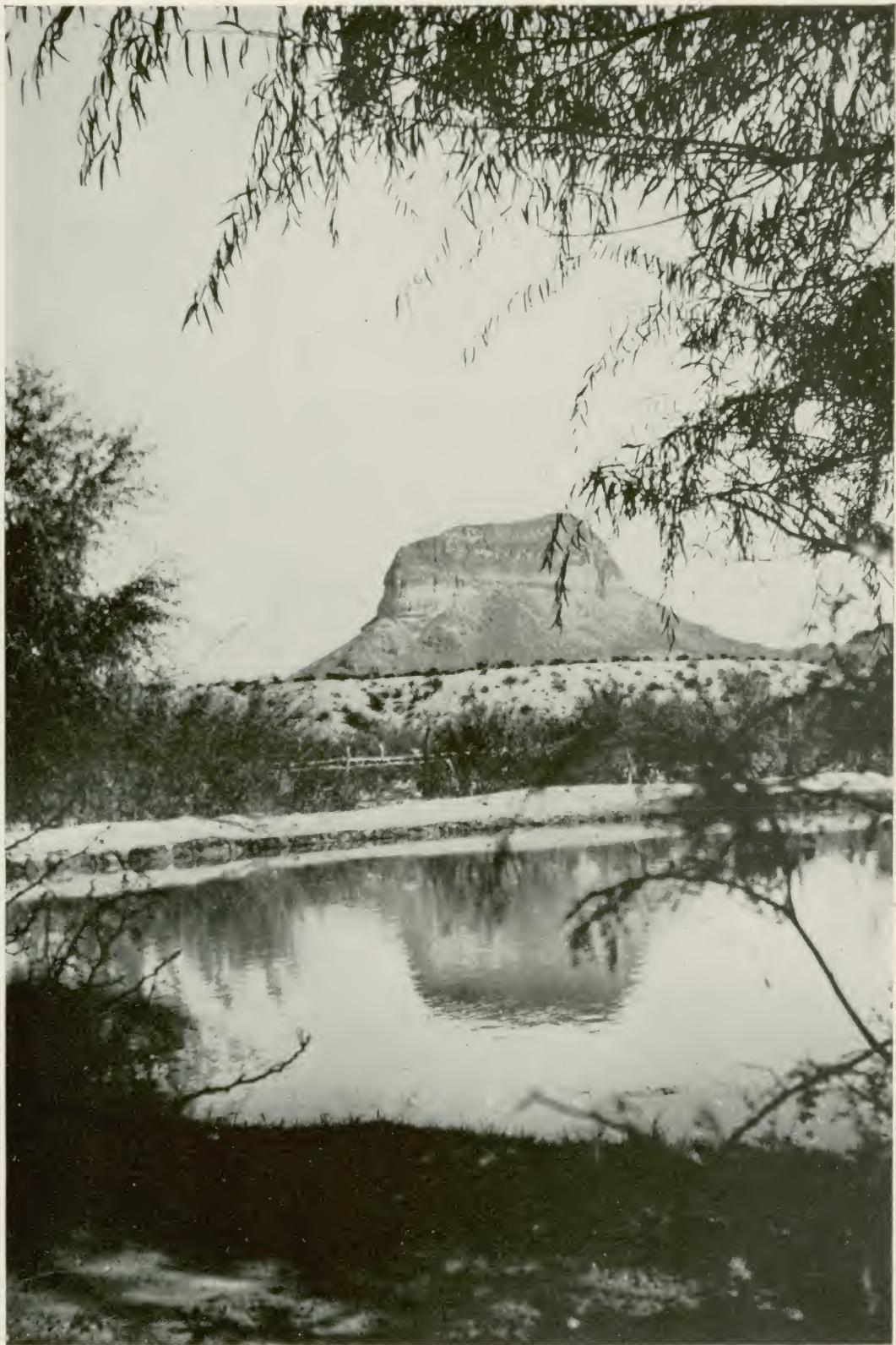
RESTAURANT IN PRESIDIO



Castillon Peak

THE Peak of Castillon, whose outline is here reflected in the pellucid waters of the *Charco* at its feet, guards the white and lavender beauties of the so-called Petrified Forest of the Big Bend. Here there are no flaunting colors, no flagrant reds, staring purples, or crass, bright yellows; these colorings are all pastel—the soft yellow of the desert's sand, the mauve of a mountain shadow, the delicate pink, lavender, and gray of a volcanic ash. And over these exquisite tints and tones, peace broods eternally.

But Castillon has had its day of strife, and has shown its mettle to man. Once—perhaps a decade or more ago—a band of scouting soldiers climbed to the top of Castillon. They were forced to remain upon its top for several days, until others came with ropes to help them scale its sheer, precipitous sides. Thus Castillon stands, proud and unconquered, a monarch surveying his own.



Castillon Village

PEACEFUL and happy valley homes are these, at the foot of Castillon Peak, the mountain of the big castle, which towers just above them. At the southern side of this quiet hamlet rises a range of mountains that divides the States from Old Mexico. From the village one may see a white line or trail, winding up the hillside, to disappear at the top into the horizon—the Smuggler's trail into Mexico. Burros loaded with plunder, men bowed under the load of contraband, have cut into the naked rock, with their plodding feet, a story of their passing. The traveler, desiring to reach Mexico from here, must go some thirty or forty miles to circumvent the mountain range—unless, being sturdy and adventurous, he takes the time-worn trail of the smuggler, and shortens his journey by some twenty-odd miles.

Below, in the village, aged crones sit nodding in the sun, black hens scurry about, and brown Indian babies waddle after playful puppies, or sit crying in the sun's heat. Fields of ripened yellow corn hedge in the thatched homes, and rustle mysteriously in the wind that blows from over the mountains of Mexico.



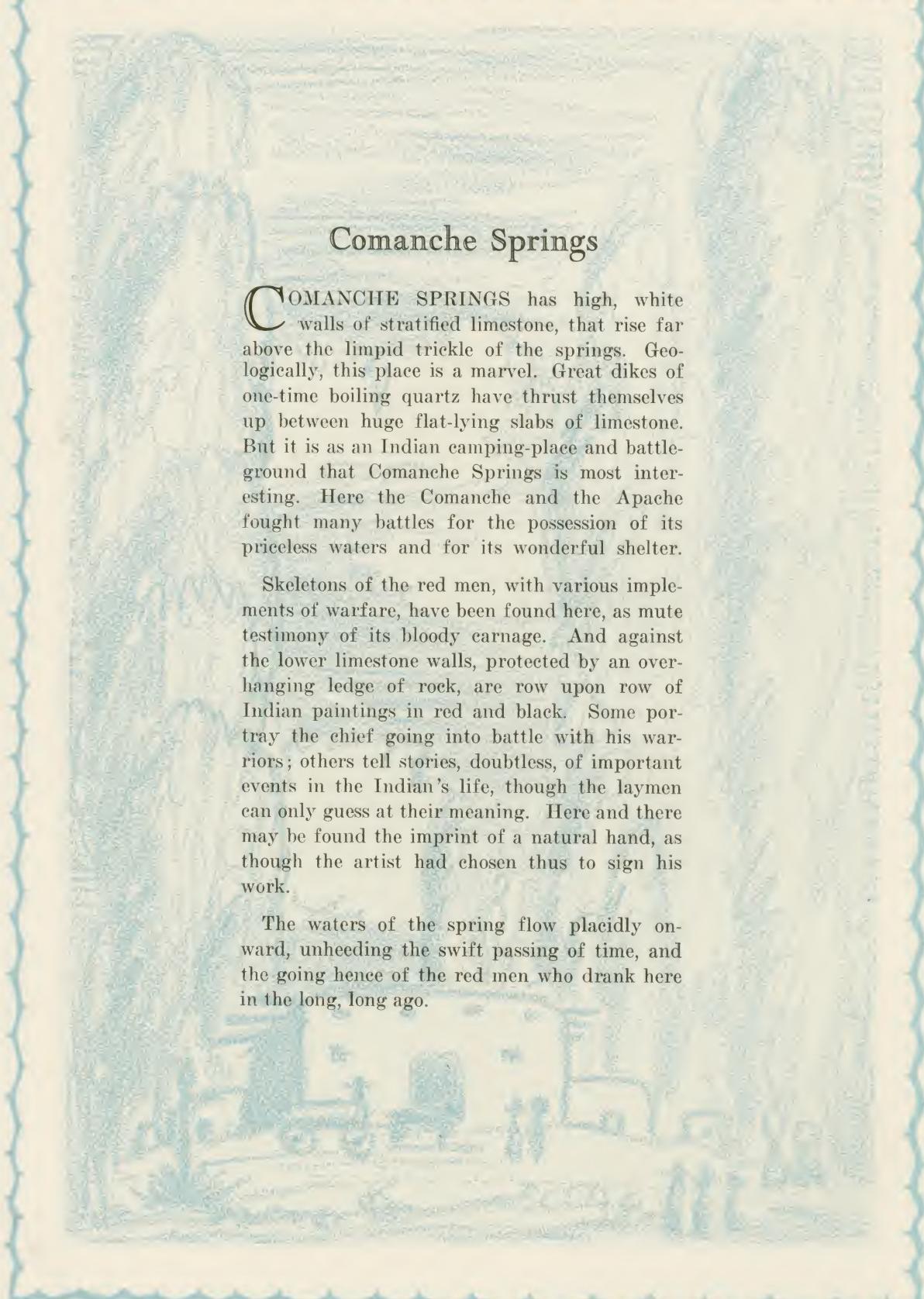
The Garden of the Gods

THE Garden of the Gods lies between quaint and colorful Terlingua, and busy, modern Alpine. Massive rocks, colored by the brush of a master-painter, tower toward the sky and hide with their far-flung shadows the eaves where Indians lived and died.

Beyond these columned spires, upon the distant southern horizon, rise the ghostly outlines of the Chisos range, where Alsate, chief of the Apache tribe, made his last stand within its many hidden eaves. The great peak of Santiago looms high against the sky-line, guarding its tale of sudden death and bloody battle. For here, at the foot of Santiago, in 1880, a marauding, horse-stealing band of Indians were slain by a pursuing posse of Mexicans, from the Hacienda de Orientales.

When evening descends upon this garden of the deities, and shadows begin to creep among the gaunt, great rocks, then can man believe in the pagan gods and demons. And looking far below, he is cheered to see the goat-herds amble across the road, or to watch the freighters, on their tedious overland trip from Terlingua to Alpine, following the white ribbon of the road, as it winds through the Garden of the Gods.





Comanche Springs

COMANCHE SPRINGS has high, white walls of stratified limestone, that rise far above the limpid trickle of the springs. Geologically, this place is a marvel. Great dikes of one-time boiling quartz have thrust themselves up between huge flat-lying slabs of limestone. But it is as an Indian camping-place and battle-ground that Comanche Springs is most interesting. Here the Comanche and the Apache fought many battles for the possession of its priceless waters and for its wonderful shelter.

Skeletons of the red men, with various implements of warfare, have been found here, as mute testimony of its bloody carnage. And against the lower limestone walls, protected by an over-hanging ledge of rock, are row upon row of Indian paintings in red and black. Some portray the chief going into battle with his warriors; others tell stories, doubtless, of important events in the Indian's life, though the laymen can only guess at their meaning. Here and there may be found the imprint of a natural hand, as though the artist had chosen thus to sign his work.

The waters of the spring flow placidly onward, unheeding the swift passing of time, and the going hence of the red men who drank here in the long, long ago.



The Mission at Ojinaga

A CROSS from Presidio, Texas, lies the Mexican pueblo, Ojinaga. Here, in 1535, when Cabeza de Vaca crossed the Rio Grande, he found a thriving and prosperous Indian village. Later, in 1620, the Spanish padres built and maintained three flourishing missions, but today only one of these missions exists.

Not far from Ojinaga and its sister village, Presidio, there is a mountain peak, named Santa Cruz. Under a notch of the peak is a cave where legend has had the devil quartered, these many years.

The story goes that an old padre came up the Rio Grande Valley, many long moons ago. Above him, he saw a rope, stretched from peak to peak of the mountain, and upon this rope the devil pranced and swung. The horrified priest, with his sacred crucifix caught the wily one and drove him into the cave, sealing him securely within, using the power of his crucifix to guard the cave. But soon, the people of the surrounding country wanted the blessings of this holy crucifix bestowed upon their lands and crops. And so it is, that upon the third day of every May, the crucifix is removed from the cave. Great, leaping fires of mesquite and juniper are kindled upon Santa Cruz, to hold his Satanic Majesty within, while the sacred cross is taken out to bless the people, and their crops for the coming months.



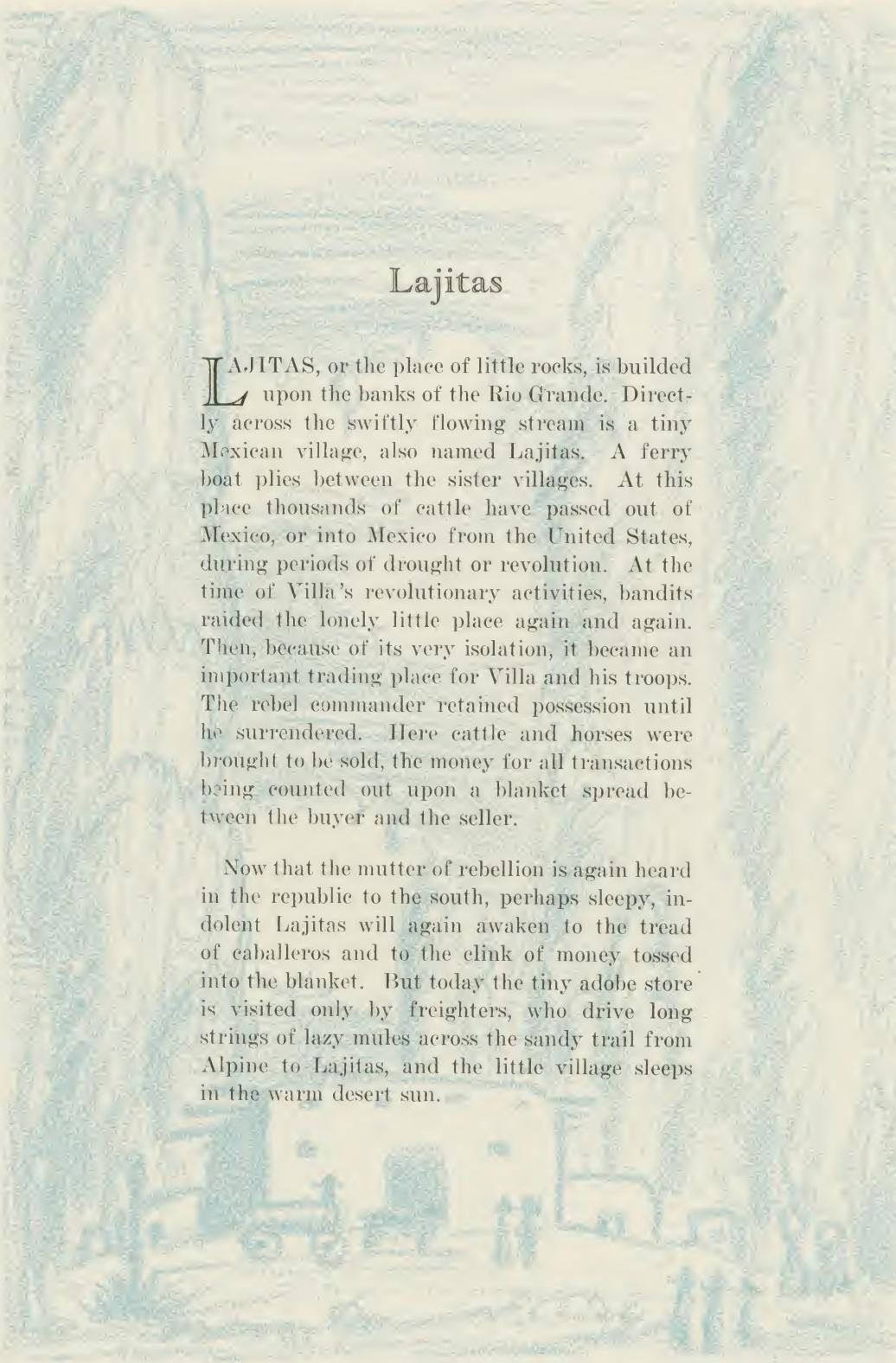
The Grand Canyon of Santa Helena

*Santa Helena,
Cutting the sky,
Torn by the river,
Lashed by the wind,
Sculptured and painted
By God,
With his tools
Of water and wind.*

THE Grand Canyon of Santa Helena has a rugged beauty, although in miniature; it may well be compared to that of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. The same effect of sheer, ragged chasm is achieved against the sky; the same ruggedness is here, with shadowed lights and sunlit colorings that are exquisite in their mingled tones. Here the turbulent Rio Grande, at some long past time, has cut its way from the Mexican side, through the rocky range, to flow peacefully down the yellow sands of the Texas shore. Huge rocks have fallen within the canyon, to dam the waters, to form dripping cascades, purling whirl-pools, and rippling falls. Cool and shadowy caves have been made by tilted and piled rocks, where beavers and wild fowl sport and play. High above, where the walls touch the sky, eagles swoop and call.

A short way from the canyon opening, on the Texas side, is the hut of Santa Helena, the one-time home of bandits and cattle rustlers. And here, in one remembered battle, fifteen men bit the dust of death. But the calm and ancient canyon takes no heed of men and their paltry affairs of life and death; its face remains unruffled, and its rugged outlines unchanged, to all but the smoothly flowing waters that have moulded and formed its contours in ages past.





Lajitas

LAJITAS, or the place of little rocks, is builded upon the banks of the Rio Grande. Directly across the swiftly flowing stream is a tiny Mexican village, also named Lajitas. A ferry boat plies between the sister villages. At this place thousands of cattle have passed out of Mexico, or into Mexico from the United States, during periods of drought or revolution. At the time of Villa's revolutionary activities, bandits raided the lonely little place again and again. Then, because of its very isolation, it became an important trading place for Villa and his troops. The rebel commander retained possession until he surrendered. Here cattle and horses were brought to be sold, the money for all transactions being counted out upon a blanket spread between the buyer and the seller.

Now that the mutter of rebellion is again heard in the republic to the south, perhaps sleepy, indolent Lajitas will again awaken to the tread of caballeros and to the clink of money tossed into the blanket. But today the tiny adobe store is visited only by freighters, who drive long strings of lazy mules across the sandy trail from Alpine to Lajitas, and the little village sleeps in the warm desert sun.



Goat Herds on the Road to Terlingua

WHERE the road winds across the desert between Alpine and Terlingua, great herds of goats feed upon the scanty desert herbage. A picturesque goat-herder, his dog, and a patient burro, follow placidly after the browsing flock. Black or white, gray or dun, pied or mottled, they trustingly follow their bell-ringing leaders across the road into the newer, untouched pastures.

This road, now used daily by speeding automobiles and slow-moving freighters, was once the scene of Chief Alsate's retreat into the Chisos Mountains, when, like ghosts of days gone by, the old leader and his wearied band of Apaches hid from the steady advance of approaching civilization. And somewhere near here, in 1684, Mendoza passed. He saw great fires burning in the valley where Alpine now stands; accordingly he named this place San Lorenzo, in memory of that Saint Lorenzo who died a victim to similar flames.

At Terlingua—whose name signifies in Spanish the place of the three tongues—there are busy quicksilver mines, where many Mexicans are employed. Indolent, sleepy burros, laden with panniers of wood, or earthen water-bottles, plod tranquilly down streets whose atmosphere of a hundred years ago pervades the whole place, giving to a twentieth-century visitor, a pleasing vision of more peaceful days and ways.





Order of Books

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ACTIVITIES

ATHLETICS

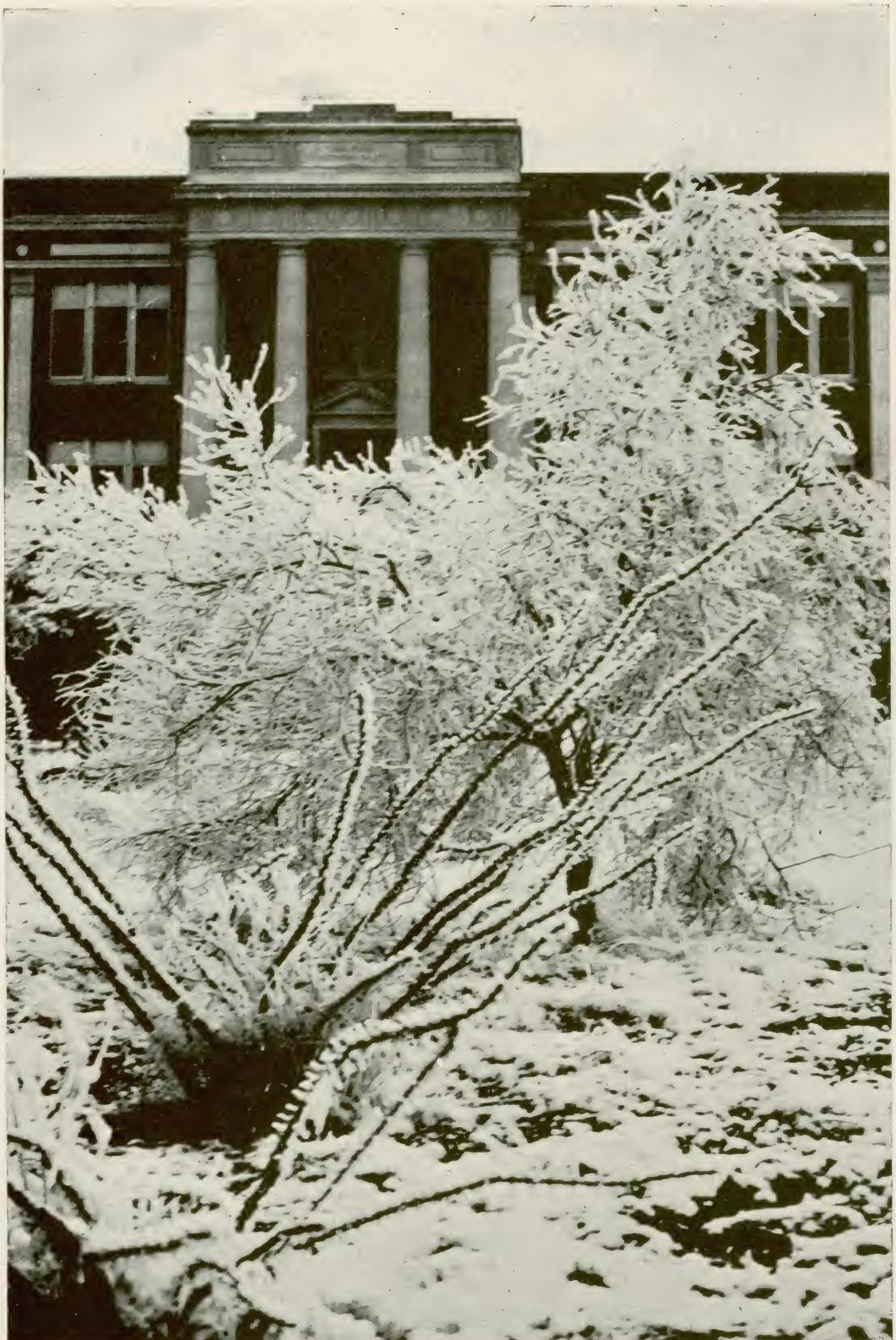
ORGANIZATIONS

SEÑORITAS

BRANDING IRON



THE COLLEGE



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING





ADMINISTRATION



Traditions

NOBLE traditions enrich the life of any people and make for the happiness and prosperity of humanity at large. But only the best in the life of an individual or a race survives. "Bankrupt enthusiasms," unrealized hopes, and defeated ambitions mark the direction in which the mariner without a compass is traveling, but only the ship which arrives at port is hailed with applause.

The "Big Bend" is rich in traditions of Spanish and Indian legends. These survive in cowboy songs chanted around campfires in the big out-of-doors of the open ranges, and persist in romantic stories of courage, friendship, and fidelity which "Old Timers" delight to relate. In all their variations there is a note of regret that the simple but beautiful life they portray is now but a dim memory.

On the foundations of this romantic past we are building a new structure. May we fight our battles as courageously as the heroes who have left us this virtue as a heritage; may we form friendships which will endure in memory, perchance in song and story; and may we be as faithful in the discharge of every duty as were those who wrought before us.

If we are true to our trust in the pioneer days of Sul Ross, future student bodies and faculty members will venerate as traditions the high ideals of scholarship, conduct, and character—all pervaded with a beautiful spirit—which we are commissioned to establish.

H. W. Monflock



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President Senior Class '28-
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LILLIAN SONNIER
KATHERINE TURNERY



IDA MAE WEYERTS
(Freshman)

EDWARD BURKE



VEMA CHILDERS
ANNIE K. SANDIFER

HELEN TREADWELL
MARY BLANCHE LEASE



VICKIE HUNTER

GRACE NEVILL



ESTER MEDINA



SPECIALS



MRS. HAZEL V. TYLER
El Paso, Texas



LOUIS LOEFFLER
Junction, Texas





SUMMER SHOOL



GRADY WEST,

Canton, Texas History

Attended Texas A. & M. College; Sports Editor of Skyline, Summer '27.



EDA WEVERTS,

Alpine, Texas Commerce

Class Secretary '21; Glee Club; Secretary Glee Club '28; W. A. A. Council '21; Sachems; Tennis Champion Girls' Doubles '27; Brand Staff '22; Secretary Mask and Slipper '28; Class Pioneer Club '28; Vice-President '28; Vice-President Sul Ross, Scholarship Society '28; Secretary of Student Council '28.



HORACE OLIVER,

Alpine, Texas Commerce

Attended North Texas State Teachers' College; President Senior Class, Summer '28; President Runnels County Club, Summer '27; Charter Member of Pioneer Club.



WILLENA MAY,

Alpine, Texas English

W. A. A. Council '26, '27, '28; President of W. A. A. '27; Sachems; Vice-President of Sachems '27; Student Council '27; Class Vice-President '27; Class President, Spring of '27; Corresponding Secretary of Sul Ross Scholarship Society '28; Literary Editor of Brand '28; S. T. R. pin '27; S. T. R. sweater '28.

W. H. GRONDE,

Pearsall, Texas . . . Chemistry

Attended A. & M. College
and Baylor University;
Sports Editor of Skyline '25,
'26; Editor-in-Chief of
Skyline, Summer '26;
Orchestra; Glee Club;
President of Jeffersonians
'25; President of Winter
Garden Club, Summer '26,
'28; President of Del Rio
Club, Summer '28; Yell
Leader, '25-'26; All Round
Boy, Summers '27, '28.



BARTLETT E. COAN,

Strawn, Texas History

Attended Rice Institute;
Sub-College Coach '27-'28.



CLAIRE WILLIAMSON,

Meridian, Texas History

Attended Meridian College.

CHIC GRAHAM,

Alpine, Texas English

Attended Trinity University;
Girls' Glee Club; Sachems;
Second Vice-President of
Class '28; Sul Ross
Princess '28.

THOMAS BOWLES,

Alpine, Texas
Industrial Education

Football '23; Basket ball
'24-'25; Radio Club '26;
Exchange Editor and Sports
Editor of Skyline '28;
Class Secretary '28;
Skyline Reporter '26.



MRS. JANE WILLIAMS,

Alpine, Texas.....History

Attended State University
and North Texas State
Teachers' College.



MRS. EDNA TOBIAS,

Robstown, Texas.. Education

Attended Baylor College.



EDRIE GORDON COWAN,

Sweetwater, Texas,
Social Science

Tennis Team '25, '26, '27;
S.T.R. pin '26;
S.T.R. sweater '27; Sachems;
W. A. A. Council '26, '27,
'28; Vice-President of
W. A. A. '27.

R. T. ROBINSON,

San Antonio, Texas, Biology

P. H. G. University of
Texas Pharmacy School;
Attended University of
Texas, Sam Houston State
Teachers' College; Colorado
State Teachers' College, and
Southwestern University;
President of San Antonio
Club, Summer '28; Secretary-
Treasurer of Senior
Class '28.



THOMAS INMAN,

Midland, Texas, Mathematics

Orchestra; Glee Club.



MINNIE BLACKMAN,

El Paso, Texas History

Attended College of
Industrial Arts; President
of El Paso Club, Summers
of '26 and '27.



DOROTHY KNOLE,

San Antonio, Texas, History

Attended Southern Methodist
University and University of
Texas.



Stagecoaches
rumble, sea-
going schooners
sail dry-land,
while bucking
broncs, wild-
eyed cattle,
and queenly
beauties add
their quota
of thrills





The Fourth of
July, plus
one wild
and woolly
rodeo,
afforded
plenty of
excitement
for our
day.

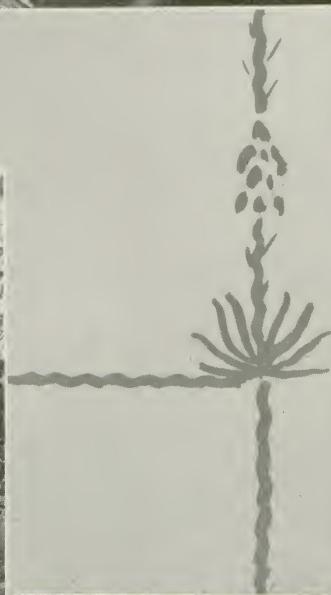




Summer folk climb
The hills and encounter
wild an~
imals kindly
provided by
The Taxi-
dermist-
and Jack
Hill



Places to go—
rippling water—
ways, rocks
and woodland
paths tempt
the holiday
makers
out where
the snarling
panther-watches
over the
unstartled
fawn.





Our summer calendar included aviation day at Marfa, a day at the annual camp meeting at Skillman Grove, an afternoon at Dude Ranch where old cathedrals guards the horizon.



Pleasures—
are free and
manifold out
where the cac-
tus grows. You
might find this
water fall by
any canyon
wall, or take the
winding road
to cathedral.





Summertime,
here, is
playtime







SUMMERTIME WITH W.A.A





ANNA MAHALAH MURRAY BREEDLOVE MCCLESKEY—Most Popular Girl



ONIS VINEYARD—All-Around Girl



FRANKIE COCHRAN—Most Popular Man



W. H. GRONDE—All-Around Man



ACTIVITIES



PUBLICATIONS





BRAND STAFF

Brand Staff

JOHN FORTNER	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
EUGENE McCULLOUGH	<i>Business Manager</i>
JACK R. HILL	<i>Camera Editor</i>
ALEX McGONAGILL	<i>Photograph Editor</i>
IRENE PARKER	<i>Art Editor</i>
BELLE BUNNELL	<i>Assistant Art Editor</i>
MRS. HAZEL V. TYLER	<i>Literary Editor</i>
KERMIT ALLEN	<i>Sports Editor</i>
ADELE ROONTREE	<i>Typist</i>

THE BOARD

Helen Baines
Frances Wilkins
Sarah Beecroft
Florine Kitts
Bertha Mae Landers
Dolores Taylor
Martha Ahr
Jewell Morrow
Marcella Pennington
Evelyn Waldrum

Nevlyn Williamson
Floyd Bowen
Ira Horne
Lewis Loeffler
Enoch Martin
A. J. Smith
Anne Dunman
Willie Mae Bishop
Lillian Wagner
Frankie Cochran



SKYLINE STAFF

The Skyline

Founded during the summer of 1923, the Skyline has with each passing year become a better paper.

It began as a monthly of four pages of glazed paper, but it is now a six-page bi-weekly on news print with a distinct sports page, a book review section, a woman's page and other regular features which are new to the Skyline. Beginning with last year, the publication graduated into a real news-sheet. Head schedules were adopted, the staff was chosen instead of elected by student vote, a definite program of organization and assignments was undertaken, and more cuts were used in making up.

The Skyline has uncovered many promising journalists among the students of Sul Ross. It has given them an opportunity to get a practical insight into the workings of a newspaper office. It has given them practice in writing stories, and heads, and in makeup. This year the staff consists of a number of freshmen writers; so one can expect the paper to continue to improve during the next year.

STAFF

Editor	Louis Loeffler
Assistant Editor	Enoch Martin
News Editor	Mrs. Donald Beyers
Ass't News Editor	Marcella Pennington
Sports Editor	A. J. Smith
Contributing Sports Editors—	
Gilbert Mize, John Underwood	
Woman's Sport Editor	Florine Kitts
Feature Editor	Helen Baines
Locals	Jessie Peters
Society Editor	Nevelyn Williamson

Exchange Editor	Ralph Barker
Book Editor	Mrs. H. V. Tyler

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager	Gene McCullough
Ass't Manager	Floyd Bowen
Circulation Managers—	

Marcus Connally, Ira Horn

Reporters—

Joel Wright, Opal Chaffin, Katherine Smith, Dolores Taylor.





COLLEGE LIFE





DAME FASHION VISITS THE VALENTINE DANCE



PIONEER PARTY





TIME OUT.





May Day has become our Annual College Field Day, where all awards in student activities are made; when inter-class contest and sporting events are staged. Then Roman meets Roman, freshman competes with senior, sophomore and junior mix. A sport for everybody, and everybody a good sport up on this college day.

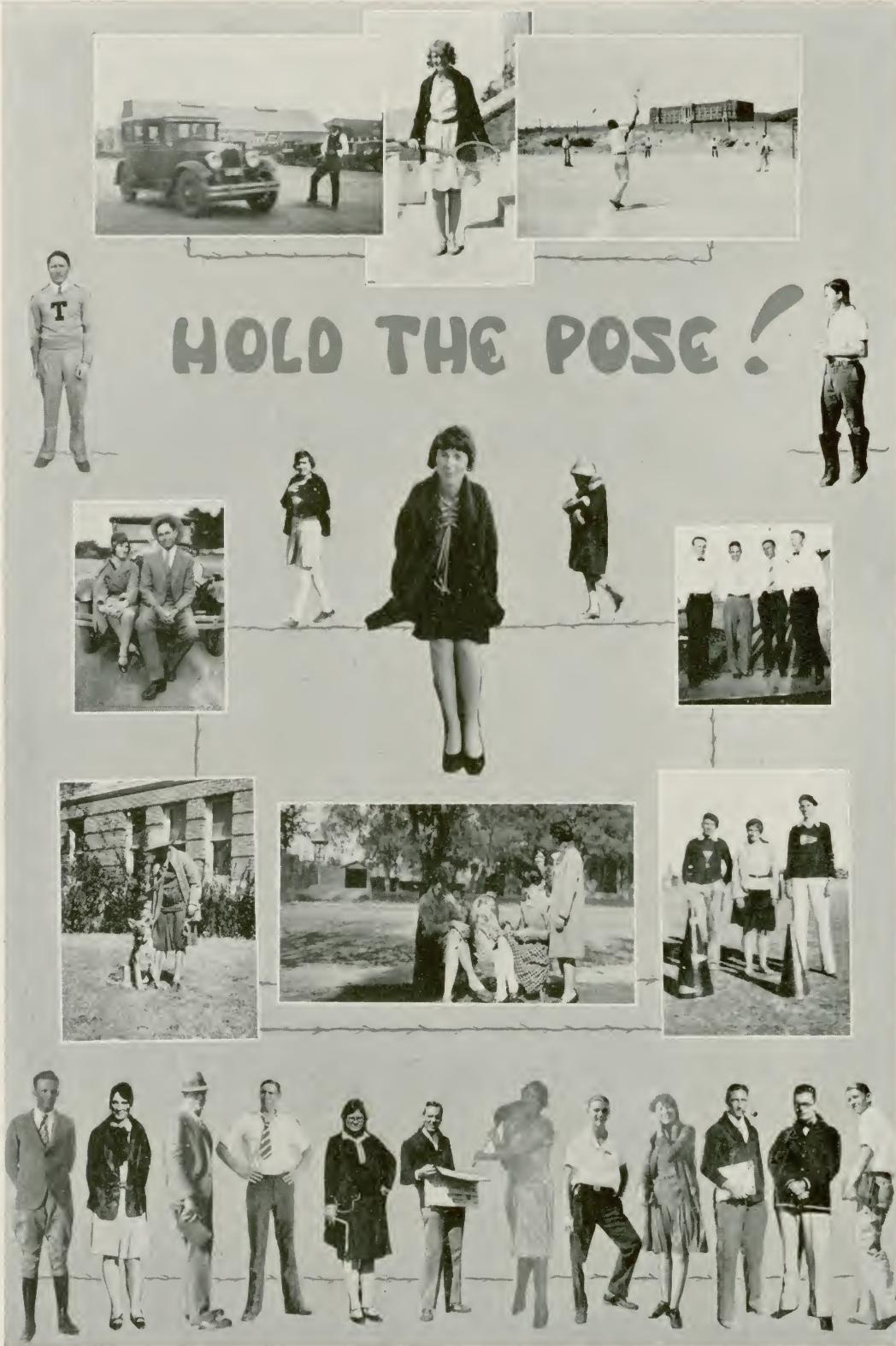




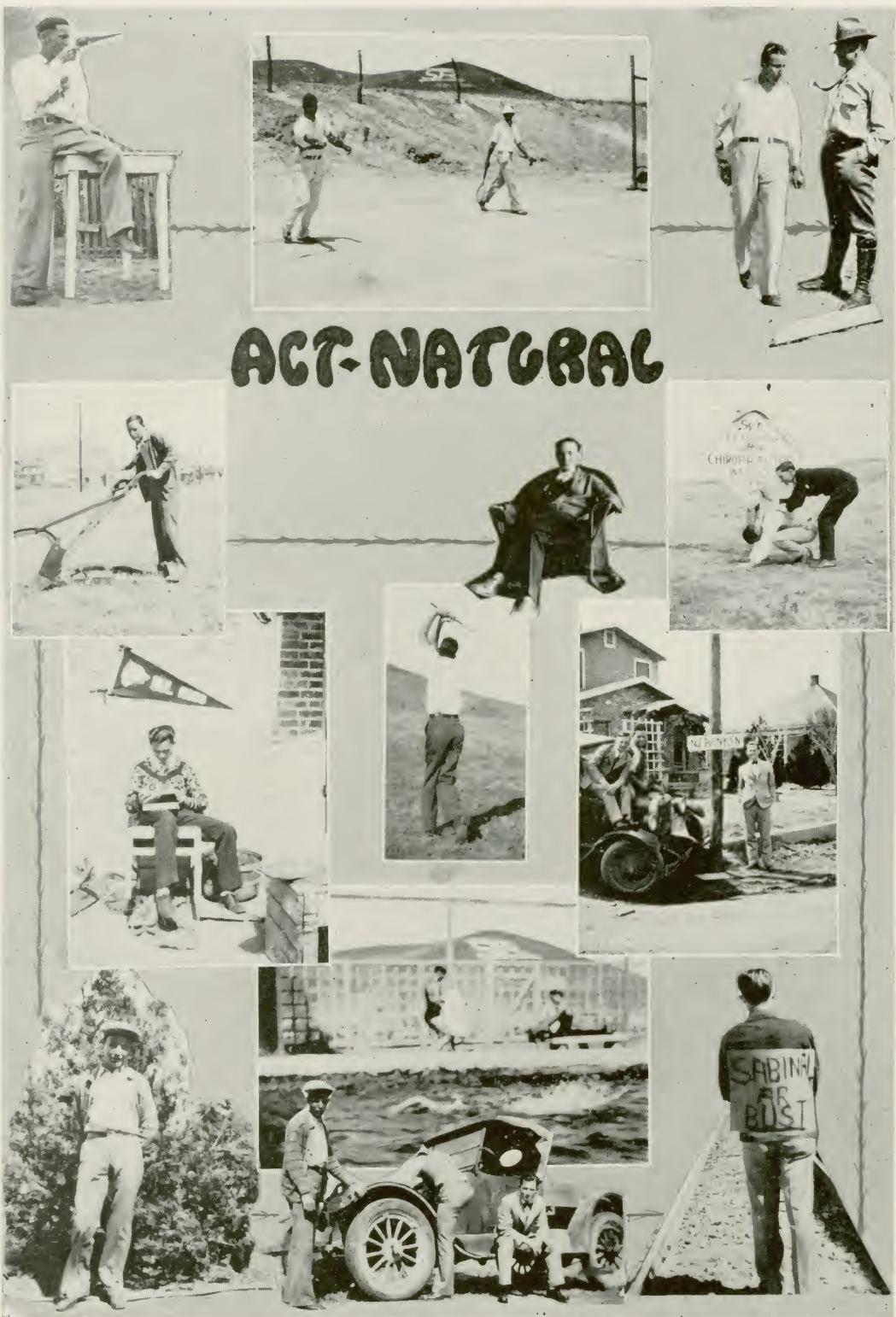


JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE









ACT-NATURAL



RELAX!





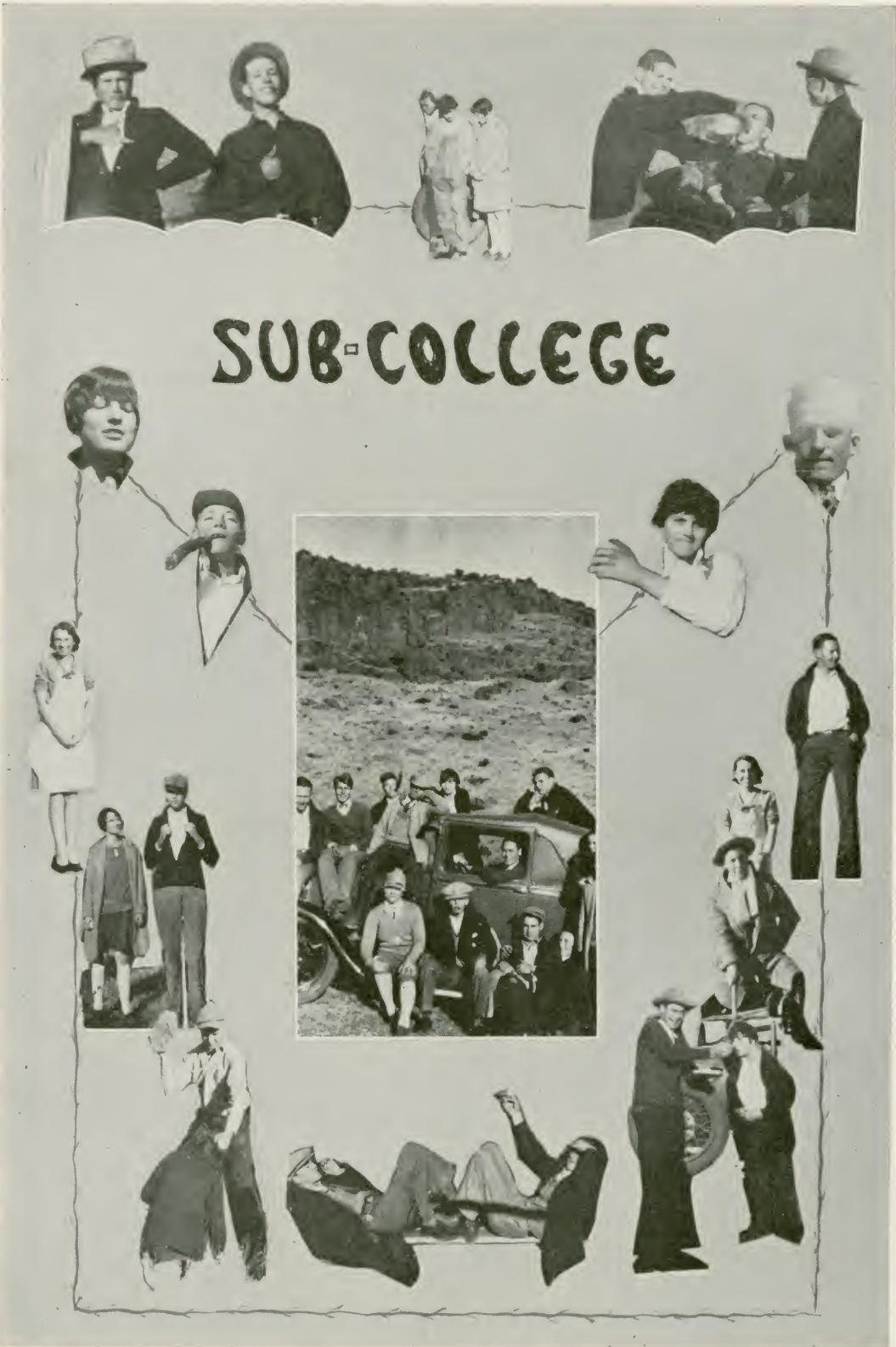
It's once a year that the
-Cactus blooms
And it's once in a life-
time we're Seniors





JUNIORS





BERKELEY HALL





100 Yards
220 Yards



440 Yards
880 Yards



SEPTEMBER :

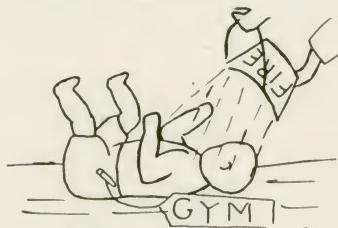
- 21-22—Registration Day, and at 8:45 A. M. we sign up for everything in sight; at 5:30 P.M. through a slow process of elimination by conflicts, we arrive at a tentative schedule. We look long and carefully for at least one snap course, but the head of the English department informs us "that there ain't no such animal."
- 24—The first classes meet—and know, alas, that they shall meet again and again, day after day, week after week, world without end.
- 26—We meet the faculty—and they tell us what exceedingly nice folks they are. We believe it—we believe anything as yet.



walk off with the game to the tune of 27 to 6. Ox gets going and carries the ball for 80 yards before Simmons wakes up. The Sub-College Cubs play El Paso High and get themselves whitewashed. They play the first night game ever played in the Southwest.

OCTOBER :

- 1—Miss Shields and Miss Burnton, of the music department, give their first chapel program, and get off to a lasting popularity.
- 2—The freshmen whitewash Bar S. R. Bar, as up the high hill they heave a huge bucket of whitewash.
- 4—Te Pioneer Club meets, and many are the wild tales of the past—past what? Oh, generally past believing.



- 27—Sophs start training this year's crop of freshmen. Nice enough fish, you understand, but they need working over.
- 28—Cornelius Mueller arrives from Cuero—walks the 500 miles. What a magnificent thirst for knowledge!
- 29—And our football season opens—Simmons vs. Lobos. The Lobos



- 6—College night and stunts: negro minstrels, the evolution of sports, the Sachem ceremony of the Gory Head, this august, mighty sheet in the throes of going to press, a wild Nell, and the art Wedding, constitute a hilarious and glorious evening.
- 9—Sachems hold a pledge service at Miss Linn's.

11—Johnny Mountain Lion arrives at Sul Ross from El Paso, and matriculates in the department of the Museum.

13—Our first home game, and the Lobos put it all over the New Mexico "Aggies", 33 to 0.



15—The Skyline and the Brand are officially divorced; it is not known whether incompatibility or desertion was the cause, but John Fortner says it was neither—"I was compatible, and I did not desert them".

16—Sachems initiate. A harrowing and hair-tearing episode—the rite of the Gory Head was lost, and the plates were locked up.

17—More troubles. The Skyline gets in bad with the Brand, and steps are to be taken to preserve the peace. The Skyline has asserted that Miss Aynesworth is twice as large as Miss Keefer, or words to that effect.

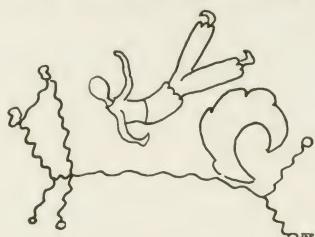
20—The Lobos play St. Mary's at San Antonio. Lobos bring home the bacon, 21 to 6. Jim Bardin gets all het up and races thirty yards to cross the goal line.

26—The Mask and Slipper cast for a play, to be given in the very near future.

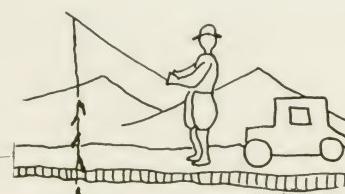
27—Football boys are home again to play the Abilene Christians at Jackson Field. McNeill gets spectacular and makes 40 yards around A.C.C., and we win 19 to 13.

W. A. A. elects officers without bloodshed.

29—The Junior Hallowe'en Party. Ralph Barker has the prize costume and, incidentally, the prettiest legs. The Mask and Slipper have fine party in the "Gym".



31—An earthquake—we assure you we mean earthquake, the kind that makes the seismograph needle go round—stirs Berkeley girls to remonstrance. Edwina says, "This is too much, it has got to stop."



NOVEMBER:

1—The Press Club elects officers.

3—Lobos and some 200 rooters go to El Paso to play the School of Mines. Red Allen has a chit-chat during the game's social hour, and is penalized. The Eddie Brown String Quartette entertains the stay-at-homes, and football delegation comes home with the scalp of the Miners, 18 to a circle.

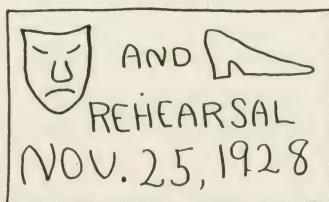


- 12—Lobos play the Armsteece Day game with Schreiner, at Kerrville, and Sul Ross loses, 6 to 19.



The Brand Staff goes to the river to get the dope on this year's motif. And this date also marks the first appearance of the slime caps and colors, in a peculiarly bright and vivid green.

- 14—The Brand Staff returns; Jack Hill and John Fortner have become picture-taking automatons; goats, burros, and mountain peaks have all looked "pleasant please" for the gentlemen.
 15—The Pioneer club initiates, and the campus becomes colorful with erinoline and curls, boots and mustaches.
 17—W. A. A. frolics in the gym, and we hear of pop-corn, apples, and kisses—sticky molasses kisses, we are informed.
 23—The football game of the season, when the Marfa All-Stars clash with the Sul Ross Coyotes. Squatty Carroll and his signals are the features of a colorful game; but the Coyotes win, 52 to 0.

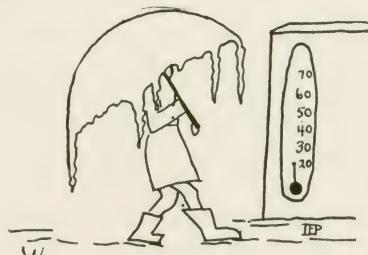


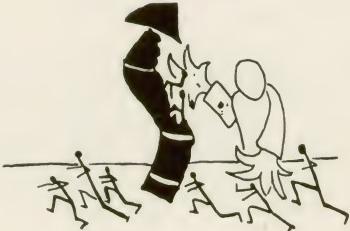
25—The Mask and Slipper, having decided upon a cast for a play, meet to rehearse. There are rumors of the serving of cakes, hot chocolate, and sandwiches to relieve the tedium of practice.

- 29—The Thanksgiving game at Jackson Field went to McMurry, in a score that almost was ours—7 to 6. "Of all sad words" etc.
 30—Hurray—seven faculty members leave for Texas State Teachers' Association. We don't wish any bad luck to those that are left at home and yet, a few mild cases of faculty tie-doul-roux might be condoned.

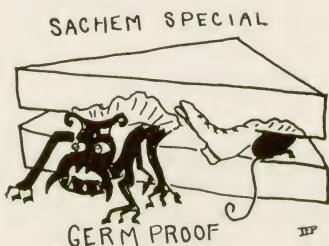
DECEMBER:

- 1—Faculty members still gone. The ones at home seem unusually healthy and vigilant. We wish we had a few virulent germs with an affinity and an antipathy to pedagogy.
 3—We are treated to gobs of weather—the icicles hang on every bush and tree, with snow all over the place.
 5—At last—but why the delay? Professor Ratliff is mentioned by the Skyline.
 8—The W. A. A. has its annual Pioneer party. Time turns backward, and we become children again; Grandmother is there, and we have a quilting party, with all the fixings.





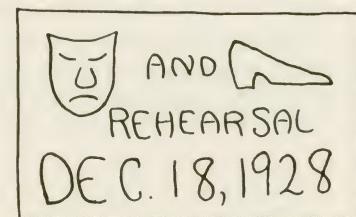
- 10—Miss Britt tells us how to escape the malignant flu germ: "If you have to cough, you may go home", says she. Such an epidemic of coughing was never before heard—the Chapel rang with the spasmodic coughing-cry of freedom. Alas, the faculty renigged—a persistent cough had to have its temperature taken. And there wasn't a cough in a carload.
- 12—The Scholarship Society presents its new members, and green-eyed jealousy sits in the seats of the lowly, who didn't make the grade.
- 14—We are admitted to T. I. A. A. You can't keep a good man down.
- 17—Football venison feed, and after dinner the boys re-elect Dyer captain.
- 18—The basket ball boys begin training. Also the Mask and Slipper holds another rehearsal—it is thought that they are planning to give a play in the near future.
- 19—Ox Cowan is invited to play on the Western All-Star football team. Sachems and exams become



- 25—Christmas, and various and sundry ways of celebrating—Professor Gillis chooses matrimony.

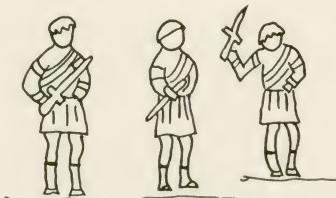
JANUARY:

- 2—Holidays gone, we return to tell the Dean, on a little card, all she wished to know about us—at least all we wish her to know.
- 3-4-5—Fooling around, trying to get started.
- 4—The Greek letter society, the Psi Sigma Delta, is organized, and high-hats all the barbs.
- 7—Serenaders appear at Berkeley Hall. Florine Kitts fretfully asks Bertha Mae to kill those cats.
- 11—Wayland Basketeers meet Sul Ross upon the home floor. We win 27 to 23.
- 12—Another game with Wayland and a victory—but the dance after the game is the highlight of the evening.



affiliated in the holy bonds of "sandwiches for that tired feeling."

- 20—How come finals get harder and harder as the hours roll?
- 21—To analyze successfully a quiz question and a Sachem sandwich, entitles one to a niche in the Sul Ross Hall Of Blame.



15—Sachems again pledge members—the new standard for admittance to Sachem hinges upon the ability of the pledge to concoct an edible, pleasing—and cheap—sandwich.



24-25-26—Daniel Baker Hill Billies and Sul Ross Lobos play basket ball—at least the Hill Billies do.

27—We are reliably informed that the Mask and Slipper intends to give a play in the near future. It is certain that they met for rehearsal upon this date.

28—Several Sachems met the sandwich requirements and were initiated.

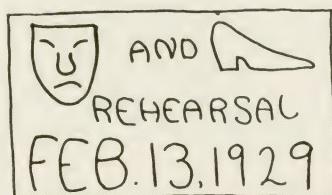
29—New yell leaders are deemed a necessity for the struggling basket ball boys. Mary Fortner and Paul Carroll get the job.

FEBRUARY:

1—Beauty contest has the day. Every girl in school receives at least one vote. John asks about the ethics of voting for oneself, and is informed, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." And John says, "There's been a heap of things well done in this here contest."

4—We receive a request from the Miners of El Paso, that we please refer to them hereafter as the College of Mines and not as School of Mines.

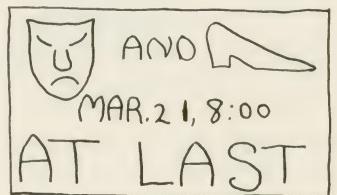
7—The Seniors have a tamale feed, and wear their caps and gowns we presume.



13—Well, well! The Mask and Slipper is going to put on a play. We hear that they rehearsed.

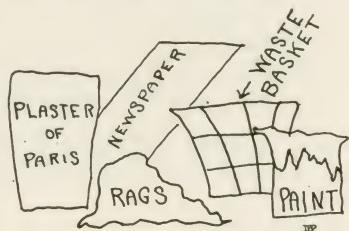
MARCH:

- 4-5—Some of us go to Grand Opera, the rest of us stay at home, listen to the phonograph, or walk from Fort Davis. We understand that the last hundred miles was the hardest for the hikers.
- 12—We wash our faces for inspection, when a Distinguished Guest comes to look us over. The Home Eeos do their part, and feed the faculty and the Guest, with the best in the pantry and their repertoire. We haven't heard that the Guest got indigestion, and maybe—who knows? —we'll make the Association of Texas Colleges. Stranger things have happened.
- 14-15-16—If we could only eat up our final exams with the same vim with which we eat a Sachem sandwich! Smiles served on a lettuce leaf with a tang of salad dressing might help even a Freshman English quiz.
- 18—And Registration Day is again upon us, and we buy our Student Activity Tickets.
- 19—Next day for the price of these tickets we have presented to us Huck Finn, a German Frau, Robert E. Lee, Moses, and Judas Iscariot.
- 19—The Juniors show the Seniors what constitutes a Blarney Stone. To hear them blarney up and down the hall about what a huge success the whole affair was, is calculated to make a Soph and a Fish green with envy. Every dog has his day, say we.
- 21—The Mask and Slipper gives a



APRIL:

- 1—What a day? Classes all day! That's not a student's idea of an April fool.
- 2—Sachems darken the cafeteria for certain weird and gruesome ceremonies.
- 4—Pioneers do their dark deeds—also in the dark.
- 8—Sachems spoon at the home of Miss Linn. Net results one dozen sterling spoons and sugar shell to match.
- 9—We have an unexpected chapel and see snakes, sloths, and honey-bears.
- 10—Chapel.
- 11—Another chapel! The boys get their T's and we forgive this extra dose.
- 12—The P. T. A. dames of this district arrive and we are saved from this epidemic of Chapelitus. Home Eeos put on airs and serve a Spanish luncheon to our visitors.
- 13—Sul Ross is wrecked. The Brand—the Brand—the Brand—*goes to press!*
Gracias a Dios!



play. It came as a welcome surprise to many, who had not known that a play was being prepared. Anyhow we laughed ourselves sick, and called it good.

- 24—The "Office-Cat" takes unto herself a husband, and the Skyline is bereft. Those of us who have been scratched are resigned.



BORDER VISITS





MARKET



ADOBÉ



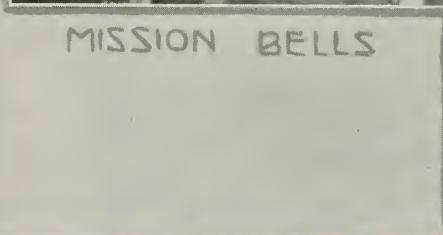
OJINEGA

SALOON and MISSION



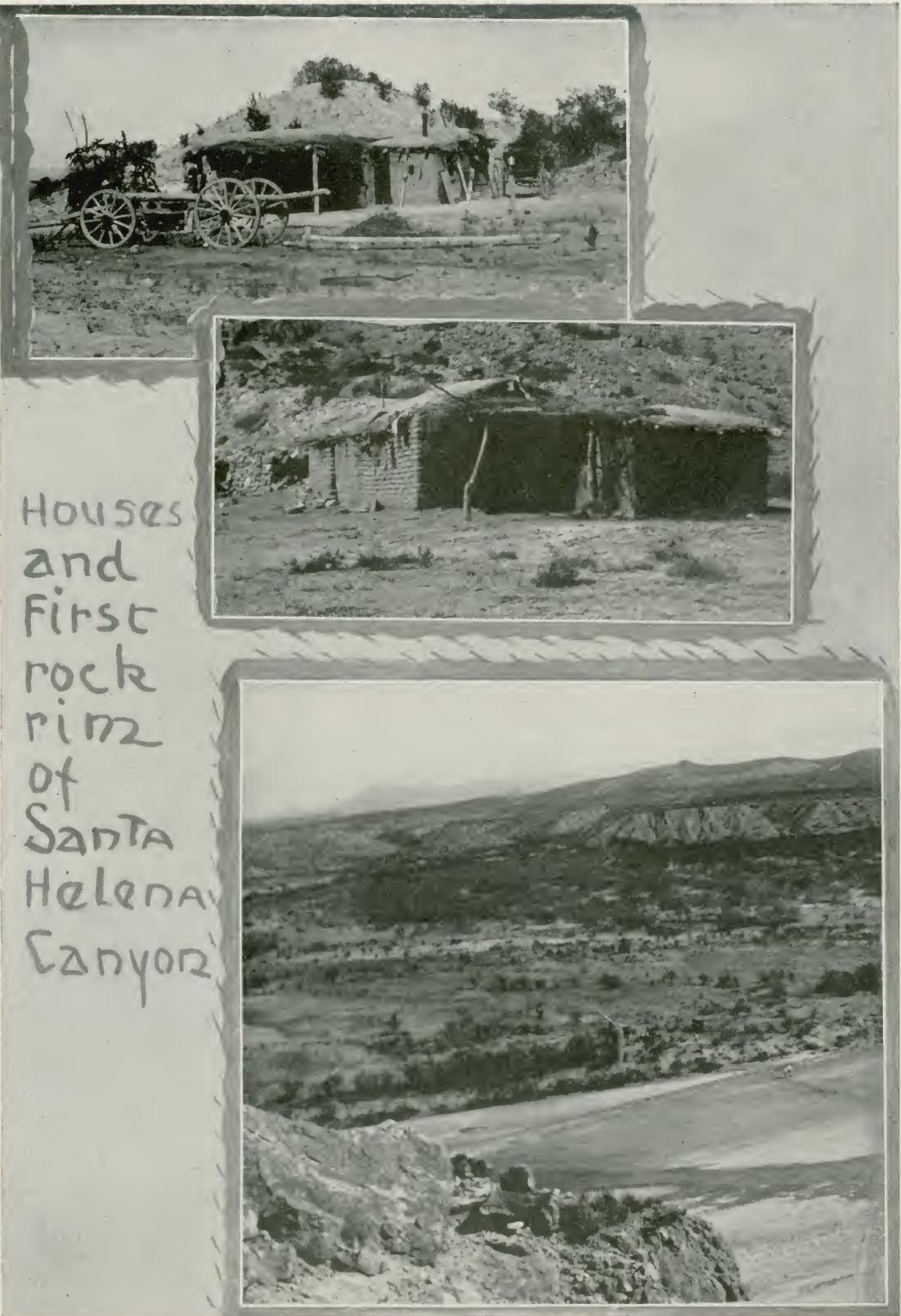
MEXICO

ARMY HEADQUARTERS



MISSION BELLS





Houses
and
first
rock
ring
of
Santa
Helena
Canyon



International
Bridge
Presidio

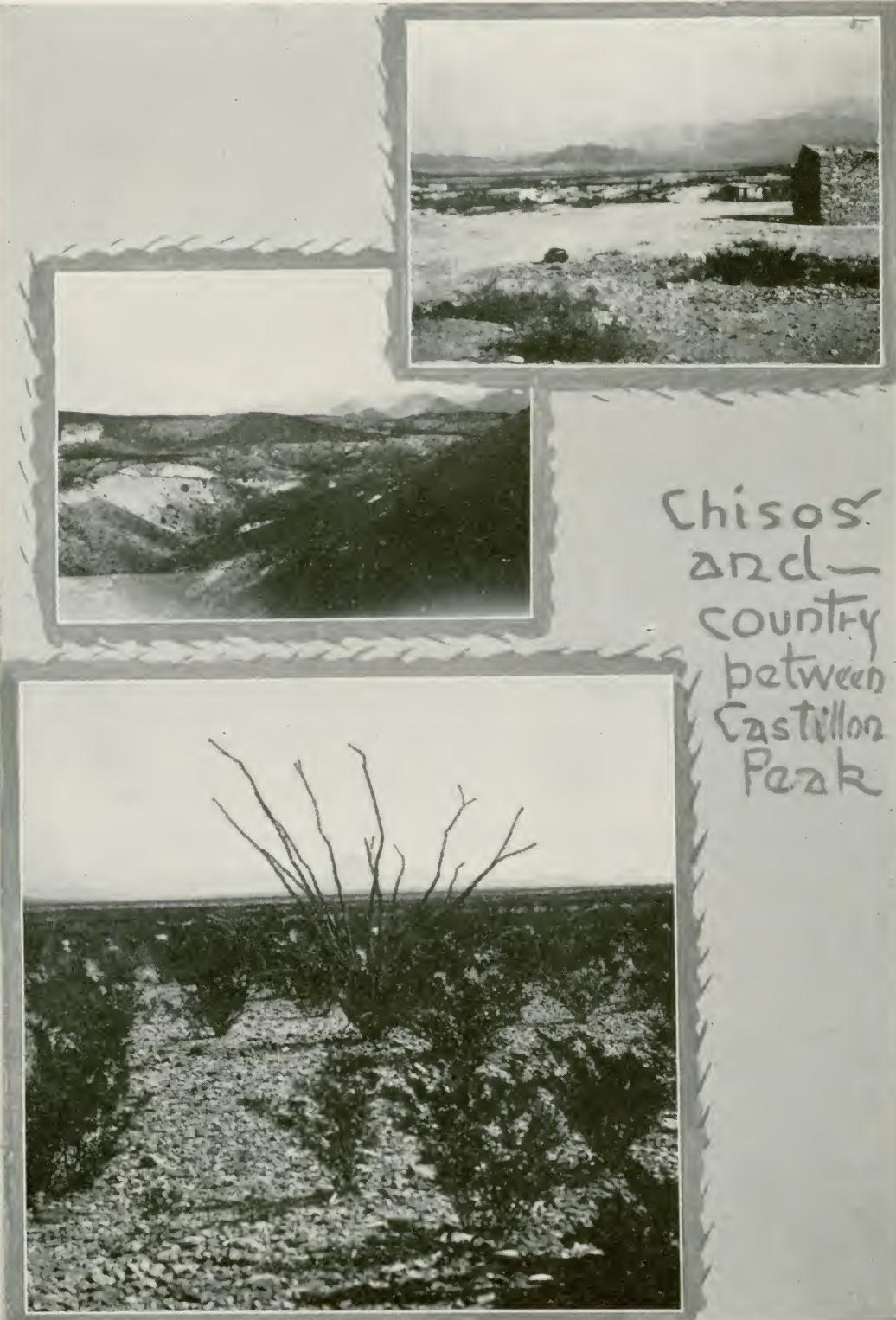
Elephant
Rock



Street in Ojinaga Mexico



Chisos
and
country
between
Castillon
Peak





WATER CARRIER



TOP OF SANTA HELENA CANYON



CASTEOLON, MEX.

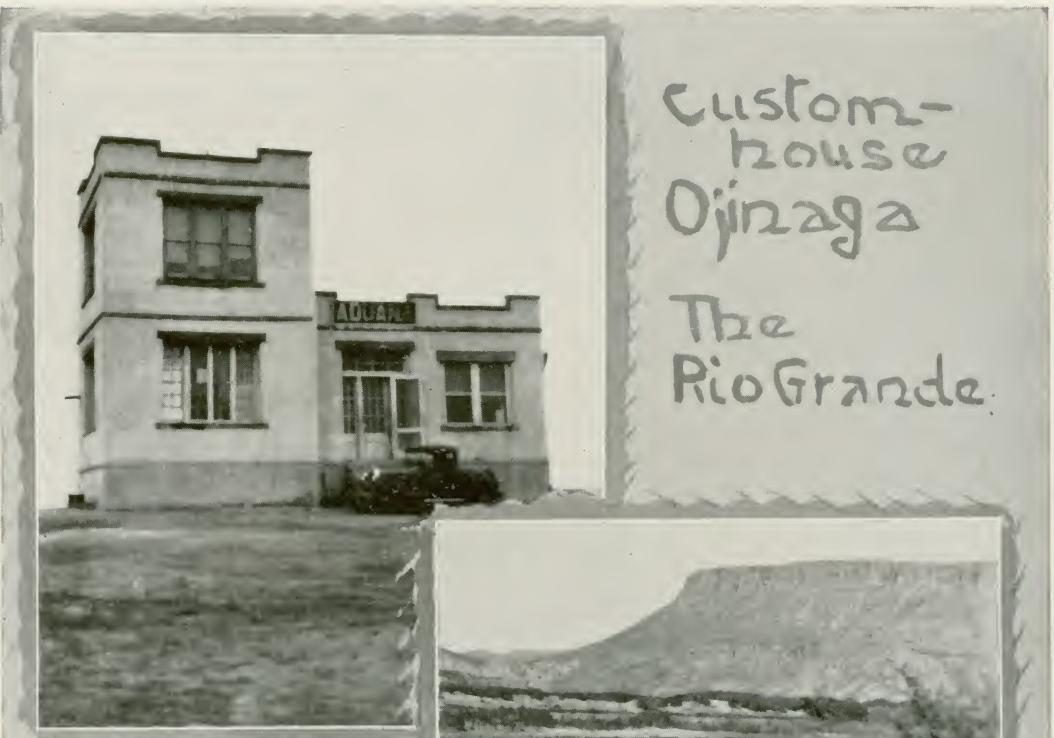
Chinati
Mountains

Santa La
Cruz



Formation above the
Petrified Forest - Castillon





Custom-
house
Ojinaga
The
Rio Grande

Camino
de
Terlingua





ATHLETICS



MARSHALL BOZARTH

TO Marshall Bozarth, who has led the Lobos to many victories over seemingly unconquerable teams, who has rallied the lagging forces of the pack to overcome great odds, and who, in the course of his loyalty to the Scarlet and Gray, was stricken from the rank with a broken leg while attempting to break a powerful drive of an opponent, we, the members of a grateful student body, dedicate the sports section of this book.



COACH B. C. GRAVES
Coach

COACH Graves has made football history at Sul Ross. He put out the first grid machine ever to represent the institution, and he brought the Scarlet-and-Gray-Clad warriors, in six years, from mediocre football to T. I. A. A. membership.

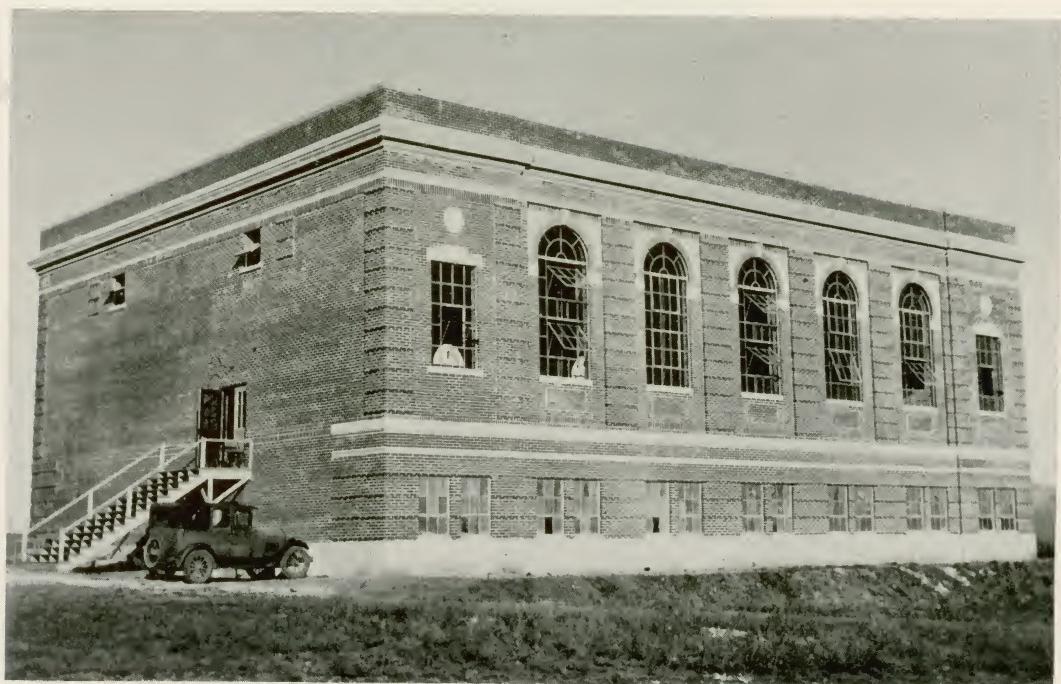
Graves has had experience on the grid as a quarter-back, and he has made several years' study of the finer points of the game. He has attended West Point, Texas A. & M., and Leland Stanford University with a desire to improve his knowledge of football. Everyone who knows Graves will find that he is up on every point of the game. At Stanford, Coach found that "Pop" Warner's open system gave a wide range and variety of plays, and he has modeled his general style of play after the Warner system, which is based on trick plays and reverse plays.

With amazing skill Graves put over to a green club the past season the more simple and direct plays of his new system. Next fall, he will open a bag of tricks that will cause other conference coaches no little worry.



CARROLL STEVENS
Assistant Coach

STEVENS has been with the Lobo club for the past two seasons, and has done much to perfect the work of the linemen. He was one of the best linemen in the T. I. A. A. when he was a member of the San Marcos football team. The members of the Lobo line have profited much through Steven's ability to impart blocking and charging tactics to them. The entire student-body, as well as the football team, love Steve for his unfailing friendliness; no matter where you find him, he always greets you with that well known smile of his. Steve is one of the cleanest and best sports ever to represent Sul Ross.





FOOTBALL

CAPTAIN CHARLES DYER



McNEILL
Halfback

Ray is one of the most colorful players that ever carried the pigskin for Sul Ross. He has unusual physical advantages, and he handles himself in a masterly way. He is a fast and shifty runner, as well as a heady ball-toter. Tackle thrusts are one of Mac's best ground gainers. Darting in and out, he is hard to stop. He will be with us next year.

COWAN
Halfback

Ox Cowan is one of the most impressive ball-toters in the West, and as a recognition of his aggressiveness he was selected to play on the All-West team which met an All-East aggregation. Cowan was not only an inspiration to his team mates, but he was our biggest scoring threat, averaging over one touchdown to the game while playing for four years under Lobo colors. As a defensive man, he was quick, alert, and a sure tackler. As an ex-captain, he will take away with him a sweater bearing a star as well as four battle stripes.



SIMMONS 27—

SUL ROSS 7

The Lobos opened the season late in September after three weeks of strenuous and intensive work. The team was in excellent condition when it met the Simmons University Cowboys at Big Springs, Texas. The Scarlet-clad boys from Sul Ross opened up an offense during the first few minutes that netted the first score. Ox Cowan, the Lobo's most powerful back, broke through tackle behind perfect interference for a sixty-five yard run across the goal. The Lobo machine gained much more yardage than the Cowboys, but Sanders of the Simmons club spelled defeat for the Lobos with his long, accurate punting; his well-placed punts put Sul Ross in a hole not less than five times. Despite the defeat, the game revealed the fine possibilities of the Sul Ross



Club. More than half of the Lobos were playing their first college game, and the showing was very good for so light a club. Simmons made most of its scores as a result of Lobo fumbles.

N. M. A. & M. 0—
SUL ROSS 34

A week after the Simmons game, which in no way cast gloom over the Lobo Pack, the Aggies from New Mexico came down to avenge a previous defeat. But the Lobos were determined to dedicate their new grass field with victory. The first half was an even battle, with Sul Ross having the edge. Just before the half ended, the Scarlet Pack opened up their spin plays, which completely fooled the Aggie Gridsters.

DEAN
End

Dean proved to be one of our best ends while he was in a game, but an injured ankle carried over from the previous season kept him on the ailing list most of the fall. Travis is big and husky as well as fast. It is very difficult to get him off his feet; therefore, few end-runs skirt his position. His skill in downing safety men and his ability to cross block in the line gave Travis a berth on the squad.



ALLEN
Guard

Kermit Allen has just finished his third year on the Lobo team. Allen is exceptional in that he can play any position on the team. Previous to this year, he played quarter back, but he has now found his berth, which is the guard position. Red is a sure tackler and a fair blocker. He is light, but the fight he puts forth makes up for the lack of weight.



McCULLOUGH
End

McCullough had never seen a football before he came to Sul Ross, but he rapidly developed a love for the grid. Gene is young and light, but no player puts more energy and enthusiasm into the game than he. With bull-dog grit and an Irish grin he has tackled every job assigned to him. He is absolutely fearless, and he uses the brain under that red mop of his.



WICKER
Fullback

Wicker was one of the valuable new men on the team; he played in the line and in the backfield with equal ease. But his work at guard was the most valuable aid rendered the team. Big, fast, and shifty, Wicker was an adept at leading the interference which cut down opposing backs. From the fullback position Wick rammed the line and brushed the tackles.



Allen spun off tackle for the first and only score in the first half. The second period saw the Lobo machine running wild on spin plays and reverses. Before the last half was two minutes old, Allen was away on another spin play through center for twenty yards and a score. The rest of the game was one score after another with Terry, Cowan, McNeill, and Crow carrying the oval. The Aggies fought to the last whistle, but it was a losing fight after the second period started. The Sul Ross Lobos have downed the New Mexico Aggies for the past four seasons.



SCHREINER INST. 19—

SUL ROSS 7

Sul Ross met its most serious reverse from the Schreiner Mountaineers, who had defeated some of the best teams in Texas. The Lobos had torn the Institute's line to pieces the previous year, and were not expecting such a hard game. The Lobos opened the game with long thrilling runs which proved a superior offense. Four times in the first period the Lobos were within the five-yard line, but the belief that power could put the ball across failed; the Mountaineers held the center attack every time. The Lobo offense weakened when Bo Hilliard of the Institute



ROBERTS
Guard

Although Roberts was handicapped at the beginning of the season by lack of experience, it was not long until the coaches had to realize his possibilities. He played good, consistent ball all the season, and if he improves as fast and as much during his second season, the Lobo pack will have one guard position filled for the two following years.



GLAZE
Guard

Louis was new on the squad, but his work was outstanding in the guard position. He made up for his lack of experience and knowledge of the game by his willingness to work. He is a rangy, well-proportioned man with unlimited strength, and with the added weight and experience of a year's gridiron work he will prove to be a valuable man.



BARDIN
End

Jim Bardin profited much from his first season with the Lobos, for this year he was a regular on the wing position. Jim was instrumental in winning the St. Mary's game for the Lobo club; he intercepted and converted three of the Saints' passes for touchdowns. He was hard to take out on defense, and his work in cutting down opposing backs enabled the Lobo plunger to add much yardage.



GRAY
Guard

Wilbur Gray was a smart guard with plenty of speed and drive, good at breaking up a line—smashing offense or delayed plays. "Sleepy" was ever alert for fumbles, and playing with his mind, as well as his body, was able to give his team many seemingly lucky breaks. He came around for interference ahead of the ball on all off-tackle plays; his speed and blocking ability made his service valuable in cutting down opposing backs.



ran a punt back sixty yards for the Mountaineer's first score. Before the half had ended, Schreiner scored again on a pass. With the score 13-0 against them, the Lobos started the last half with a determination to win; the scarlet pack took the ball on their own three-yard and carried it to Schreiner's twenty yard line, where Allen pulled a bad pass which was the turning point of the game against the Lobos. Schreiner scored again, making their total 19 points. A pass, McNeill to Cowan, scored for the Lobos in the last minute of play.



ST. MARY'S 6—

SUL ROSS 27

The St. Mary's game was played in San Antonio, "where Sunshine Spends the Winter"; Coach gave the team a week of hard training so that they could stand the hot weather. The game was doubtful for the first few minutes, but Jim Bardin, Lobo end, made the fans more comfortable when he intercepted a pass and ran through a broken field for the first score. The fight was again close for a few minutes until Bardin duplicated his earlier trick by carrying another pass across for a touchdown. The Lobo machine, pepped up by the score, tore off long gains and completed passes



SMITH
Center

A. J. Smith was at a disadvantage this fall; he came out for a position already held by a veteran of the gridiron. Smith relieved Younger at the pivot position enough to get a valuable foundation for his next year's job. He is well built and is fast in his actions. He is accurate in his back passes, and the ball spirals speedily to its mark.



COOPER
Tackle

Cooper, a first year man, did his best to fill the position vacated by Bozarth who was taken from the line with a broken leg. Cooper realized the responsibility placed on him by the loss of a veteran tackle and he fought to uphold the standard set by Bo. Led by the spirit of the man who preceded him, Cooper gained his share of the season's glory.



NEWTON
Tackle

Newton, a reserve man, did not see much service this fall, but with one year's experience he will be sure of a place on the squad next season. Newton is a big husky lad with strength to spare; he fights with all he has, and it is expected that he will tear several T. I. A. A. lines to shreds next fall.



DYER
Tackle

Captain Charles Dyer was the pillar of strength in the Lobo forward wall. He has unusual knowledge of football, and he gave the pack the advantage of his keen judgment in every difficult decision. His work in the line cannot be over-estimated; it was unusual for him to be taken out of a play; no one man could take Charlie out of a play. With the memory of his courage and ability fresh in their minds, the Lobos selected Dyer again to lead the Scarlet and Gray on the gridiron.



at will for the next score. The half ended with the Lobos leading 20-0. But the last half proved to be a greater loss to the Lobos than the losing of several games; Marshall Bozarth, the most outstanding tackle in the far Southwest, received a broken leg while doing his best to stop a powerful drive by the Saints. Bo's injury stunned the Lobo team for a time but another drive netted the last score, which made the count 27-6.



JOHN TARLETON 7—
SUL ROSS 33

Sul Ross scheduled the John Tarleton Plowboys this year for the first time. The game was played on the Lobo field, which was covered with the new sod. The scarlet grid machine was out for blood on that day, for the team was in perfect condition. The Lobo backs played havoc with the Tarleton defense, which weakened under the constant drive of the Lobo line. The game had hardly begun before the Pack started the scoring, and the rest of the game was taken up by powerful Lobo drives. Tarleton made a touchdown in the third period after an exchange of punts and two completed passes; the second pass put the Plowboys within five yards of the coveted goal; three



BARDIN
Quarter

Lee Bardin was a good utility man; he saw service in both the backfield and line. Bardin could relieve the quarter back as well as a halfback or end. He did some of his best work on the wing position. Small and light in stature Bardin was not easy to handle; he was good at picking holes and dashing through them. Few small men have more pluck and fight than Lee Bardin.



CARROLL
Tackle

Carroll, a reserve, is about five and a half feet tall, weighs around two hundred pounds, and is every ounce strength. Squatty lacks experience, but he is willing to tackle any position. He is a good sport, and everyone likes to see the little man-mountain play. He will make a good man next fall.



YOUNGER
Center

Younger has been one of the best all-round football men ever to wear the scarlet togs; he has played tackle, guard, and center with equal ability, which is near perfection. An accurate and dependable passer, Duck was given the pivot position of center. He did much to keep the Lobo backs from fumbling, and his work on defense was outstanding. This year ends Duck's service on the Lobo team, which he has led as captain.



CROW
Fullback

James Crow has held down the fullback position for two years. A more fearless tackler cannot be found, and in backing up the line Jim has few equals. Crow did most of the kicking, and his punts had a constant average for good yardage; the ball seemed to do tricks in the air after it left James' toe, for few safety men could catch his punts. Crow was good for a touchback on the kick-off.



plunges at the Lobo forward wall proved futile, but the next play was a delayed fake which sucked the Lobo end in, and the ball skirted the end for Tarleton's only score.

A. C. C. 13—

SUL ROSS 19

The A. C. C. Wildcats came to the Lobo den this year for their first visit. The local fans got a treat on that day; both teams fought stubbornly for every inch of ground, and few chances were taken. A Wildcat fumble put the Lobos in scoring distance; an end run and a spin play gave the Lobos the lead. Sul Ross scored again in the



second quarter with long runs off tackle. The last half opened with a thrill; a Lobo fumbled, and A. C. C. scored, making the count 13-6 in favor of Sul Ross. Emboldened by their late score, the Wildcats fought like the animal for which they were named. Brilliant runs by Stevens put the ball in scoring territory, and a pass knotted the count at 13 all. The ball changed hands several times before the Lobos, through an exchange of punts, got another chance to score.



STEVENS
Halfback

Stevens, alert and speedy, was one of the best reserve backs on the squad. The love of the game and the will to fight which keep small men on a team, Pokey, one of the smallest, had to the nth degree. A sweeping end-run was Pokey's best ground-gainer, and the Lobo games afforded no more picturesque feature than one of these jaunts. Stevens will be one of the best halfbacks in the T. I. A. A. next fall.

TERRY
Halfback

Terry is one of the small wonders in football. "Little but loud" is an appropriate description of this little man who stood the gaff against the biggest. Fearless in his tackling and blocking, Terry was a good example of pluck for other Lobos to follow. Terry was a good sport as well as a football player, and every Lobo honored and respected him.



MAY
End

Buckshot has weathered two seasons of training, but he is a little young as well as light to mix with the hardy opposition met in college competition. Buckshot has been an inspiration to other members of the club by his strict application of the training rules; for two seasons he has not been late to practice, and he never does anything injurious to a man's playing ability.

McLEAN
End

Playing his first year with the Lobos, McLean held down a wing position by virtue of his speed and blocking. Although rather light, Mac hit with so much punch and drive that he always got his man. The most valuable part of McLean's job was going down under punts. Shifty and fast, he was always on top of the safety man when he gathered in the pigskin. In the games with A. C. C. and McMurry, especially, McLean proved the value of a good end.



With only one minute to play, the Pack hammered across the goal to win, 19-13.

TEXAS COLLEGE OF
MINES 0—SUL ROSS 18

Sul Ross took their age-old rival, the Miners, to a cleaning this fall. Doc Stewart's team showed some powerful but simple plays which were soon understood by the Lobo defense. The Pack broke up several Mucker drives which ended in the shadows of the goal. The first quarter was a test of strength and endurance between the two teams; the Miners gradually broke under the ceaseless hammering of the Lobo backs. After Ox Cowan got loose on his seventy-yard run for the first score, the Muckers gave up to the inevitable. Before the sun had dropped behind the stadium, the Lobos had a lead of 18-0.



McMURRY 7—

SUL ROSS 6

McMurry came to Alpine rated as one of the strongest teams in the T. I. A. A. Sul Ross was not conceded a chance to win. Although she did not win, Sul Ross held her own against her heavier rivals on a damp field. The Lobos were the first to score; the Indians' safety fumbled the ball after about three Lobos had hit him; a Lobo end recovered the ball for a touchdown. The try for point sailed between the uprights, but the Umpire detected holding in the line; the score was 6-0 for Sul Ross.



WITHERS
Quarter

Withers, one of the most consistent players on the team, has finished his third season with the Lobos. Playing at quarter, Buddy has directed the team with marked success. He will have the honor next fall of piloting the first conference grid-team to represent Sul Ross in the T.I.A.A. Buddy not only led the team well, but his work at blocking and punt catching was a feature of the Lobo attack. He was a dangerous man on sneak and spin plays through the center of the line.

DOHERTY
Guard

Doherty held down one of the guard positions, and although this was his first year, he showed speed and endurance as well as the ability to charge and block which go to make a good guard. A year's experience has improved his ability to face difficult and varying conditions. Doherty will be back next fall to fill his old position.



BOZARTH
Tackle

Marshall Bozarth, holding down one side of the line as well as directing its movements, had much to do with the early season victories of the Lobo squad. He is one of the best tackles and blockers in the Southwest. Bo received a serious injury in the early fall, an injury which took him from school for the rest of the year. After making possible a 14-0 lead against St. Mary's University, he fell in meeting a Rattler's drive, and was taken from the field with a broken leg. And thus the Lobos lost the best interference winner on the team.



CLARK
Halfback

Bob is one of the fastest men on the gridiron; his winged feet have gained many yards for the Scarlet and Gray. He was handicapped by a sprained ankle at the beginning of the fall term, but he made his name known before the curtain fell, ending one of the Lobos' greatest seasons. Bob was good on defense as well as on offense; he ran low and tackled hard. Few sweeping end runs got around his position.

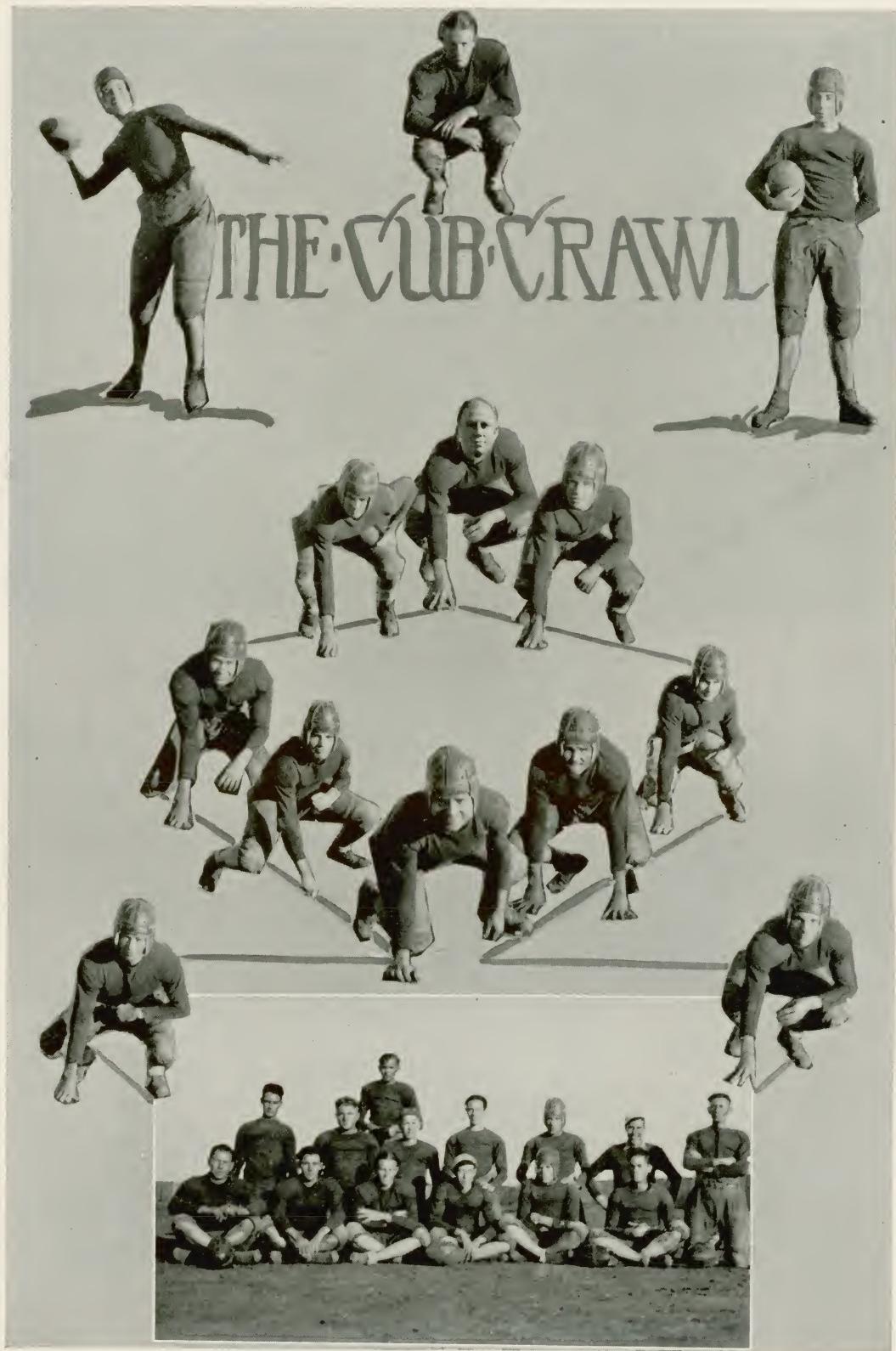


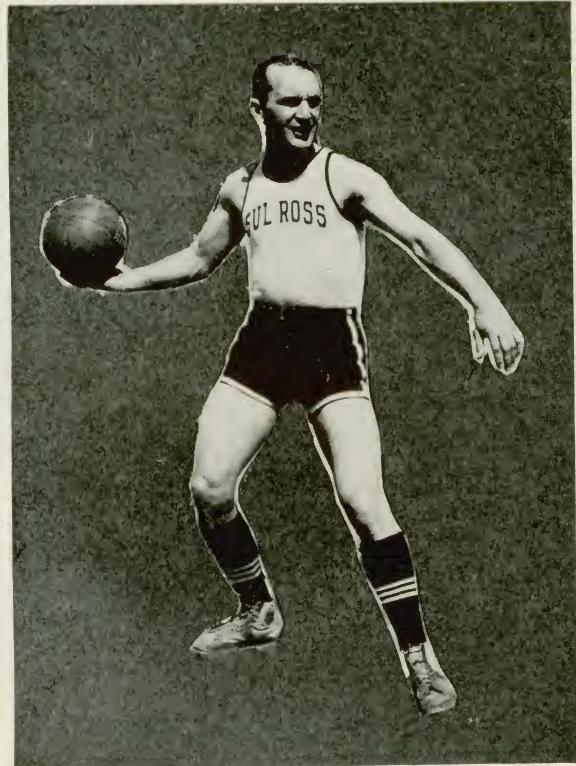
The Indians came back to score on a long pass; the try for point was good, making the score 7-6 in favor of the Indians. The rest of the game was a battle for breaks which did not come; both teams played straight football. The Lobos did everything possible to score the last few minutes, and the final gun found them deep in McMurtry territory.



Review of The Season

SUL ROSS opened the season with a team which was light as well as inexperienced, over half of its members being freshmen. Through fear of the lack of experience on the part of his men, Coach B. C. Graves gave only the more simple plays of the system to this club, but he will have very little difficulty in giving the more complex plays next fall. The Lobos were lucky and unlucky in meeting such a strong team for the first game. They began the season with a losing score, but they did such fine work that Coach felt no regrets over losing the game. The next two games only verified Coach's belief that the team was a winning combination; New Mexico A. & M., which had fought Arizona U. to a close score, was soundly drubbed by the classy work of the Lobo Pack, which took the 34-0 victory. The next game was a repetition of the last, for John Tarleton humbly bowed to the wave of scarlet which smothered them 34-7. The Lobos were overconfident in the next contest; Schreiner had fallen before the Pack the season before, but although the Lobos were far superior on running plays, the Mountaineers came through with a 19-7 victory. The next three games were won by the Lobo club in rapid succession; the St. Mary's Rattlers from San Antonio took the small end of a 27-6 score; the Abilene Christians fell before the scarlet tide for a 19-13 loss; the College of Mines of El Paso, unable to stand the Lobo onslaught, were defeated 18-0. The last game of the season was with the McMurry Indians, who were rated high in the conference race; both teams scored once in the first half, and the rest of the game was a running and punting duel with the scarlet-clad warriors having a decided advantage; the final score gave the Indians a one-point margin.





BASKET BALL

CAPTAIN FUQUA YOUNGER



MARCUS HALE
Forward

Hale played a fast consistent brand of basket ball all season; he was a good floor man who fought every minute of the game. Marcus could hit the basket with marked skill; long shots were an easy trick with him.

DARRELL YORK
Guard

York, who had never had any experience in basket ball, won a berth on the team by his desire to learn and his love of the game. For an inexperienced man, York improved more than any other player this year. He is a fair guard, and his height enables him to get the ball off the back board.





MCLEAN
Forward

McLean is a fast floor man who never tires in his work. He is hard to guard in his skilful movements; he is an artist of the pivoting school, and he turns in angles instead of circles. Mac is an accurate shot from the field as well as from the foul line, and he can out-jump most of his opponents, although he is of average height.

WICKER
Guard

Wicker was a defensive star; his size and speed enabled him to intercept and break up many passes. He was so fast in going down the court that the referee called him down many times for running. Wicker has many possibilities as a basket ball man.





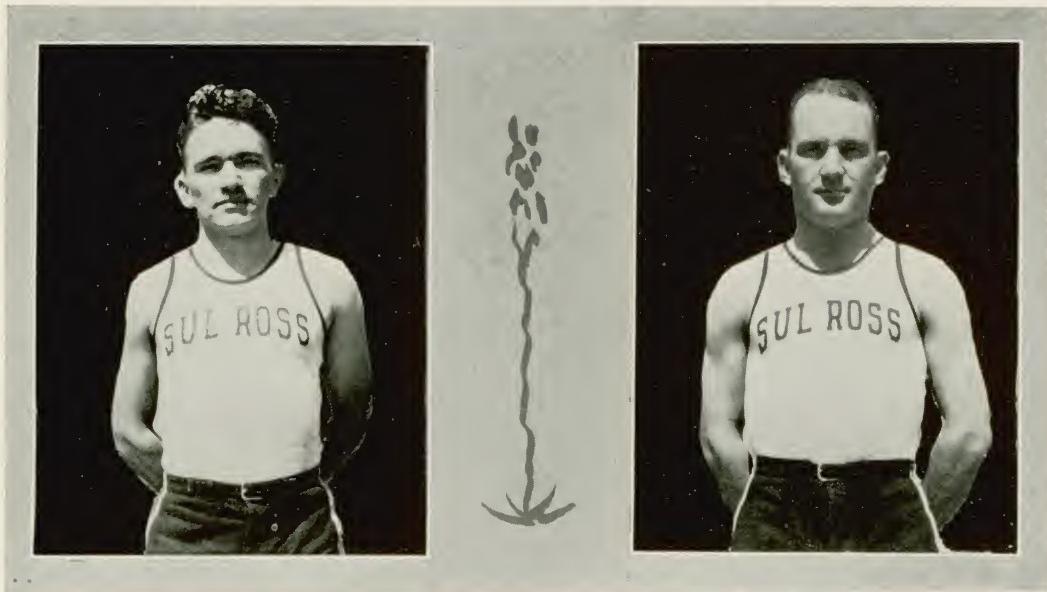
RED CONNALLY
Center

Red Connally, at center, was one of the Lobos' best point scorers; so accurate was he in shooting at the hoop that the boys named him Two-point Connally. Free pitches were easy for this rangy, sandy-haired basketeer. His passing and guarding were notable in every game; his height enabled him to cover more than the average amount of floor when passing or guarding.

KERMITT ALLEN
Forward

Allen was a good forward with plenty of speed and endurance. His floor work was above the average on both offense and defense. Red alternated at the guard and forward positions and did satisfactory work in both. He was good on crisp shots and free throws, and he was an accurate passer.





RAY ROBERTS
Guard

Roberts played at the guard position in basket ball as well as in football, and he has made good in both cases. Perch is a little inexperienced, but he learns rapidly, and he will make a dependable man next year. He plays good defensive ball.

DUCK YOUNGER
Captain

Captain Younger has finished his last basket ball season with the Lobo Basketeteers; he has seen Sul Ross at its highest as well as its lowest point of fame. On the floor in '26 he was in the thick of the fight which ended in victory for Sul Ross over the University of Texas. Duck is a versatile guard and floor man who puts every effort into his playing. He has perhaps done more for the Lobos than has any other athlete.





JOHN UNDERWOOD
Forward

Underwood is a natural basket ball player; he handles the ball gracefully and with apparent ease. He is fast on the floor in running and dribbling, and he can shoot from any position. He shoots a long arch shot which consistently goes through the basket.

THOMAS SKEVINGTON
Center

Skevington is built for basket ball; he is well over six feet tall, and has long arms and legs. He is young yet, but he will be a star on future teams. Although Skevvy was unable to get the tip-off consistently this year, the time will be when he will have no equal at the pivot position.



Review of Season

THE Lobo Basketeers were inexperienced and lacking in team work during the first of the winter, but by the end of the season, though the victories were few, the scarlet tossers had become very proficient in the game. Only two or three of the team members had ever played together; therefore, the early games were marred by inaccurate passing. The average height of the men was very low, and this lack of length was a serious handicap to the team play. The majority of the men were freshmen who had played only high school ball; a winning combination was next to impossible. The Lobos played some of the best clubs in Texas. Wayland College came to Alpine for a two-game series, followed by Daniel Baker, T. I. A. A. champions, who defeated the Pack in a three-game series. The Lobos then made a two weeks' tour of Central Texas, playing a series of games with Texas Tech, Abilene Christian College, and the McMurry Indians. Every game saw a steady improvement in the team work of the Lobo Club. During the first of the winter the team averaged about twenty-five points to the game, but in the last series with Howard Payne the Lobos scored forty-five points to win one of the games. Coach Graves was satisfied with the co-operation of the team at the last of the season, and from the present material he hopes to build a representative team next winter.

Alma Mater, Dear Sul Ross

TUNE: AMICI

1

Where the rolling plains of Texas
End in mountains high,
There's a land where glorious sunsets
Flame in peerless sky.

CHORUS

Ring, ye Alpine hills, with music!
Joyous songs we'll raise.
Hail to thee, O Sul Ross College,
Thee we gladly praise.

2

"Tis a land of pioneer spirit,
Free as bracing air,
Where a handclasp means a welcome,
Friendship glad to share.

3

There our Texas youths do gather,
Heeding wisdom's call,
Learn to love thee, Sul Ross College,
Love thee best of all.

—*Rose Sharp Brewer.*



WOMEN'S ATHLETICS



Sul Ross W. A. A.

THE Woman's Athletic Association has two purposes in view—throughout all its work—to develop physical efficiency with a consequent high standard of positive health, and to sponsor good times among its members.

It co-operates with the Physical Education Department in organizing various squads and teams in tennis, golf, rifle, handball, basket ball, volley ball, swimming, baseball, and hiking with a competent girl in charge of each. These managers and their officers constitute the W. A. A. Council, which is the executive body of the association.

Sports are organized under the point system and points are awarded for interest, skill, attendance at practice, and participation in inter-class competition. Health points are also given to inspire ideals of good health. The SR pin is awarded for an attainment of four hundred and fifty points, and the Sul Ross sweater for eight hundred. These awards are made by the college, subject to the regulations that govern all student honors and awards. Those who have earned one thousand points may purchase a Sul Ross blanket, subject to the approval of the Athletic Committee.

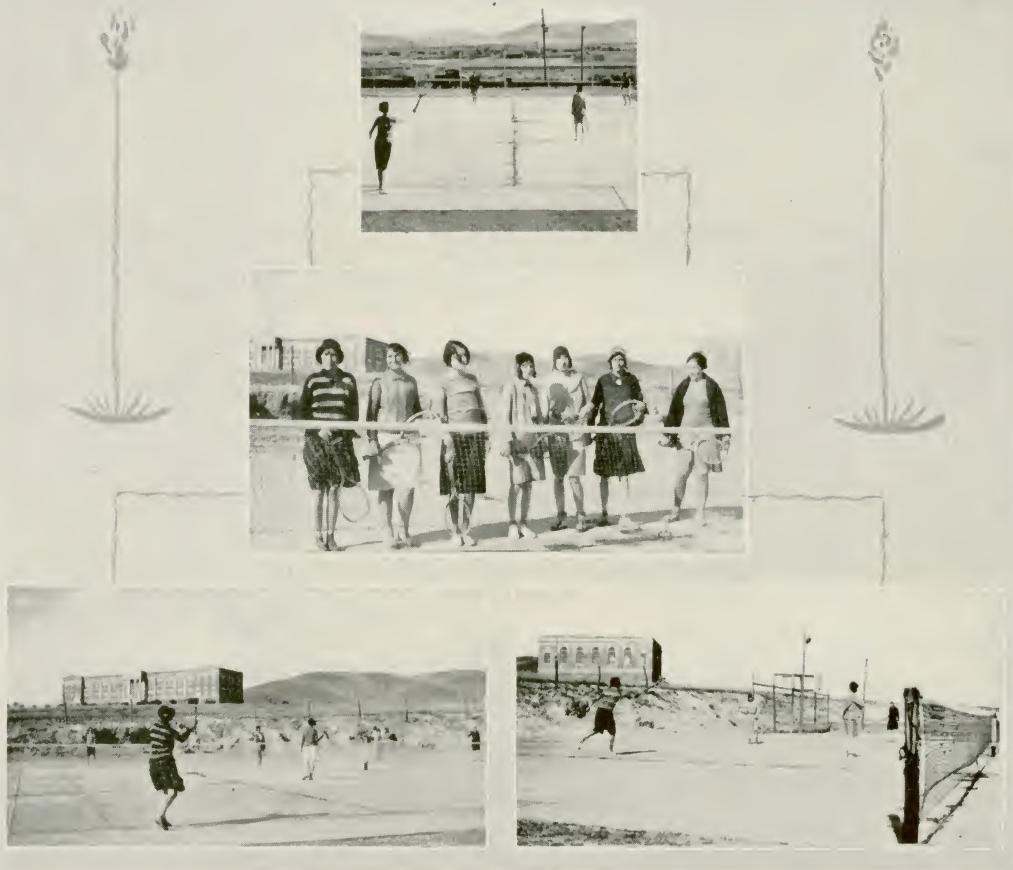
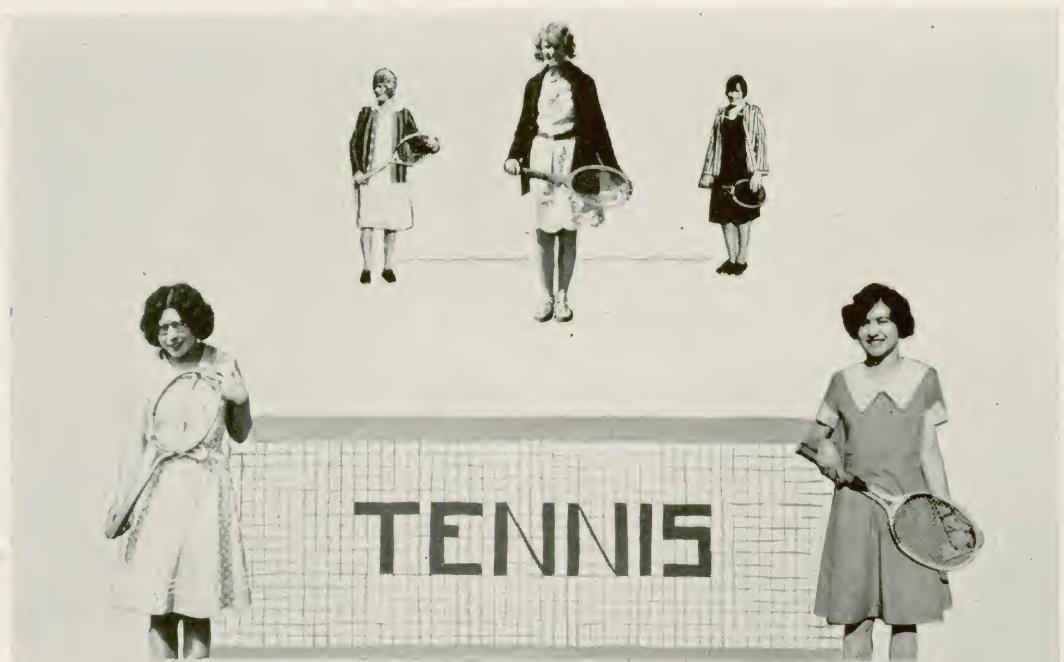
The outstanding social and recreational events sponsored by the W. A. A. are the annual Pioneer Party, the Valentine Party, and the May-day program of sports.

The Sul Ross W. A. A. is a member of the state conference of Texas Woman's Athletic Association, and usually sends a delegate to the annual meeting. Through this affiliation the local organization is enabled to keep in touch with the W. A. A. activities of the other colleges throughout the state.



Council of the W. A. A.

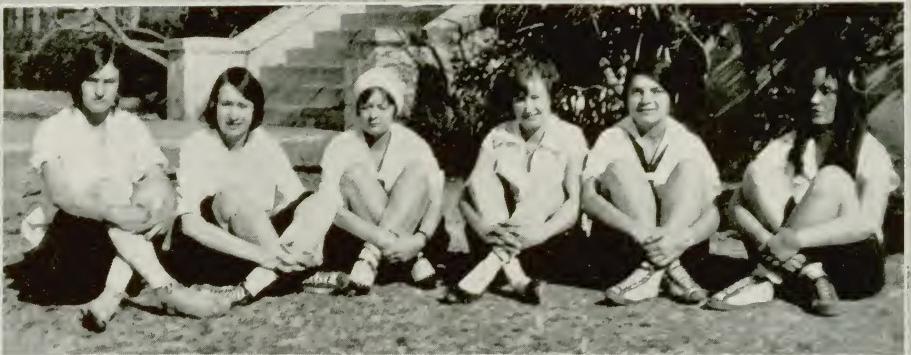
SARAH BEECROFT	<i>President</i>
MARTHA AHR	<i>Secretaries</i>
BERTHA MAE LANDERS }	
RUBY PENROD	<i>Treasurer</i>
FLORINE KITTS	<i>Skyline Representative</i>
MARCELLA PENNINGTON	<i>Brand Representatives</i>
ADELE ROUNTREE }	
RUTH HALE	<i>Hiking Manager</i>
CARRIE MAE VOGT	<i>Handball Manager</i>
MARY LOU BALLOU	<i>Tennis Manager</i>
BELLE BUNNELL	<i>Volley Ball Manager</i>
FRANCES WILKINS	<i>Rifle Manager</i>
LOMA DISHMAN	<i>Baseball Manager</i>





HAND - BALL



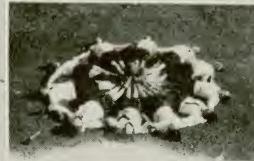


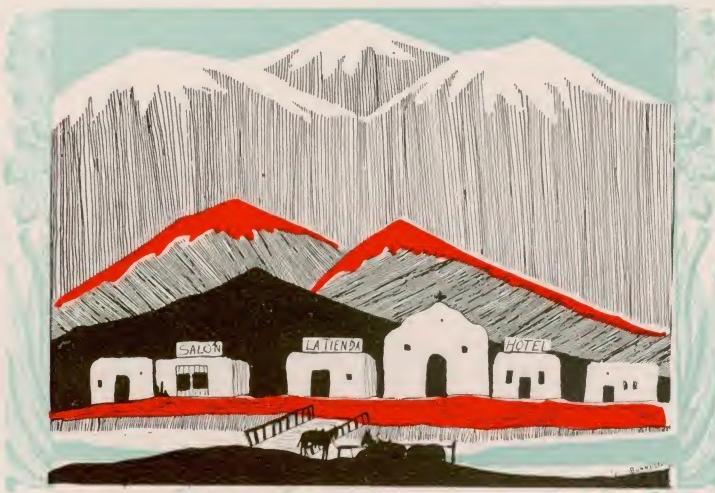
VOLLEY BALL





BASKET BALL





ORGANIZATIONS





Sul Ross Scholarship Society

Member Scholarship Societies of the South
Organized at Southwestern University, 1922
Sul Ross Chapter Admitted, 1926

Junior Members

Eva Fern Chaffin	Melburn Glass
Bessie Chyle Leath	Erie R. Powell
	William Powell

Senior Members

Adele Rountree	D. M. Hopper
Hugh L. Waldrum	Isabel Yates

Graduate Members

Louis A. Loettler	Willena May
	Eda Weyerts

Honorary Members

Anne Aynesworth	Alice E. Cowan
J. C. Coleman	Mary Stather Elliott
H. J. Cottle	H. M. Morelock
	Fred Graves Walker



Psi Sigma Delta began in the fall of 1928 out of a discussion which took place in the office of the Skyline between the members of the class in copy-reading. The formation of the chapter followed shortly, with the members of the class, most of whom were members of the Skyline staff, as charter members.

The chapter was hardly established before a journalistic organization in a South Texas university applied for a charter. However, the group desires at the present to remain a purely local organization, as its greatest interest is the furthering of good journalism in Sul Ross.

Several pledges were taken into the chapter shortly after its organization, and as most of these are freshmen who distinguished themselves in college journalism, the chapter bids fair to have a long and useful life on the hill.

Psi Sigma Delta is an honorary, rather than a social, fraternity. It includes among its members the journalists of the campus.

Mrs. Donald Beyers
Enoch Martin
Helen Baines

John Underwood
Nevelyn Williamson
Louis Loeffler

Ralph Barker
Marcella Pennington
John Fortner

Honorary member:
John W. O'Connor



MASKS PRESENTED BY THE ART CLUB

Art Club

BERTHA MAE LANDRES.....*President*
HELEN BAINES*Vice-President*
BELLE BUNNELL*Secretary*

Ora Mathews
Christine Fuller
Irene Parker
Lola Eubank
Frances Wilkins
Frances Vest
Myrtle Phelps
John Fortner
Jack Hill
Harold Byler



THE



CLUB

The Press Club

MRS. DONALD BEYERS.....	<i>President</i>
HELEN BAINES	<i>Vice-President</i>
RALPH BARKER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
JOHN UNDERWOOD.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
NEVELYN WILLIAMSON.....	<i>Publicity Manager</i>

THE Sul Ross Press Club was organized three years ago, including in its membership all students in the college who showed any interest in journalism as applied to either the Skyline or the Brand. It gained admission to the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association during its first year of existence and has entered the contests sponsored by that organization several times. Last year Mrs. H. V. Tyler was successful in winning a first prize in the familiar essay contest.

This year the society has been particularly busy in making contributions to both of the college publications, and the club prides itself on having as its members the most promising and dependable student writers and journalists in the college.

Ralph Barker	Helen Baines
Florine Kitts	Nevelyn Williamson
Mrs. H. V. Tyler	John Fortner
Gene McCullough	Dolores Taylor
Mrs. Donald Beyers	Enoch Martin
Louis Loeffler	John Underwood
A. J. Smith	Georgie Lee Smither
Jessie Peters	Marcella Pennington

SR Pioneer Club

DURING the summer session of 1927, a group of students familiar with the old-time dances of the frontier, agreed to present some of them at the annual meeting of the West Texas Historical and Scientific Society. Interest of the group in the pioneer dances grew so rapidly that it was unanimously decided to organize into a permanent group. Thus originated the SR Pioneer Club.

The purpose of the organization, as expressed in the constitution, is to preserve the old-time games, legends, dances, and other material of an historical or social nature which have made the frontier period unique.

Those affiliating themselves with the club are required to know something of the pioneer dances and to bring to the club a written contribution in the form of historical events, legends, games, dance-calls, or music belonging to the pioneer period. These contributions then become the property of the West Texas Historical and Scientific Society, with which the Pioneer Club is affiliated.

The dances and games carry one back to the time when fiddle tunes and rollicking figures were the life of every "play-party". The costumes of the members are picturesque and in keeping with the period which they represent. Nicknames derived from pioneer work and play are given to the members, and by these names they know each other at their not infrequent—and highly enjoyable—old-fashioned bees.

The officers and members are:

HAROLD BYLER	<i>President</i>
CHICORA GRAHAM	<i>Vice-President</i>
MRS. C. A. BROWN	<i>Secretary</i>
LUTIE BRITT	<i>Sponsor</i>

Christine Fuller	Eugene McCullough	Marye Wagnon
Ora Matthews	Enoch Martin	Evelyn Waldrum
Louise Matthews	Virginia Hale	Alice Cochran
Jack Hill	Arthur L. Smith	Clara Meek
Inez McKinney	Sarah Beecroft	Velma May
Eula Brown	Frances Coleman	Effie Hill
Jason Morgan	Lillian Wagner	Kermit Allen
Myrtle Gregson	Ralph Barker	Earl Kirkwood
Mary Edwards		Henry Livingston



GLEE CLUBS



ORCHESTRA



BAND

Writers' Guild

THE Writers' Guild, one of the youngest societies in Sul Ross, is, perhaps, the smallest club on the campus. Its entire membership since its organization in the fall of 1925 numbers only nineteen, six of whom were charter members. Of these six pioneers—Mr. Mody C. Boatright, Miss Lutie Britt, Dick Gillespie, Rudolph Mellard, Gladys Peters, and Nancy Watson—four, fortunately for the development of the Guild, returned in 1926-7. Three new members, Mr. H. E. Allen, Lynn Kelly, and Zoe Ellen Murray, were elected that year. In 1927-28 not one of the student members returned; and Miss Britt and Mr. Allen had to initiate the six new scribblers—Duncan Scott, Helen Paine, Mrs. Hazel Tyler, Mrs. Eppie Chalk, and Opal and Eva Chaffin. Four of these returned in the fall of 1928, and four new members were elected.

Last summer the Guild held an advancee birthday celebration which took the form of a reunion, at which were present all six of the charter members, two of the three elected the second year, and all of the 1927-8 members. The program consisted of a group of poems by Dick Gillespie and some of Rudolph Mellard's inimitable cowboy sketches.

The Guild is accomplishing each year the purpose for which it was organized. It promotes interest in creative writing and meets the needs of students with a literary bent, to whom the bi-weekly meetings afford an incentive to writing. At these meetings, since the group is small, each member may read some of his work and receive frank, constructive criticism from the faculty sponsors and the Guild members. The varied and interesting programs include poetry, drama, essays, folk lore, and short stories.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Lutie Britt
H. E. Allen
Mrs. Bernice Vandersall
Florine Kitts

Eva Chaffin
Opal Chaffin
Sigmund Byrd
Barney Booker

ASSOCIATE MEMBER

Eleanor O'Connor

HONORARY MEMBERS

John O'Connor

Anne Aynesworth



SEÑORITAS

Se presentan aqui las favoritas del
colegio de Sul Ross del año mil nove-
cientos veinte y nueve,

SEÑORITAS

Melburn Glass

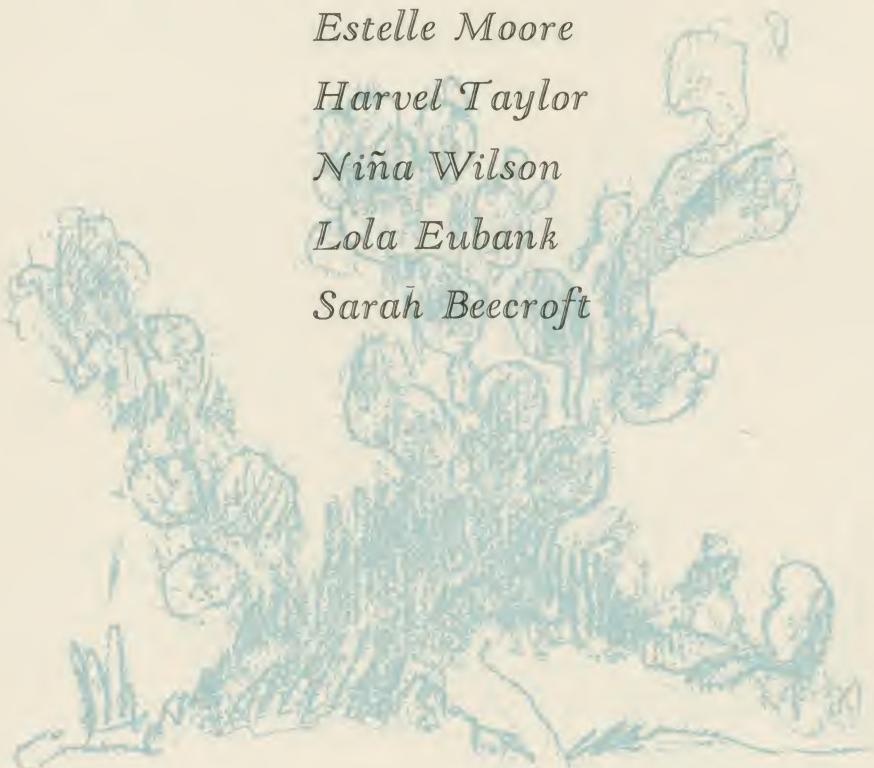
Estelle Moore

Harvel Taylor

Niña Wilson

Lola Eubank

Sarah Beecroft





Melburn Glass



Estelle Moore



Harvel Taylor



Ninia Wilson



Lola Eubank



Sarah Beecroft

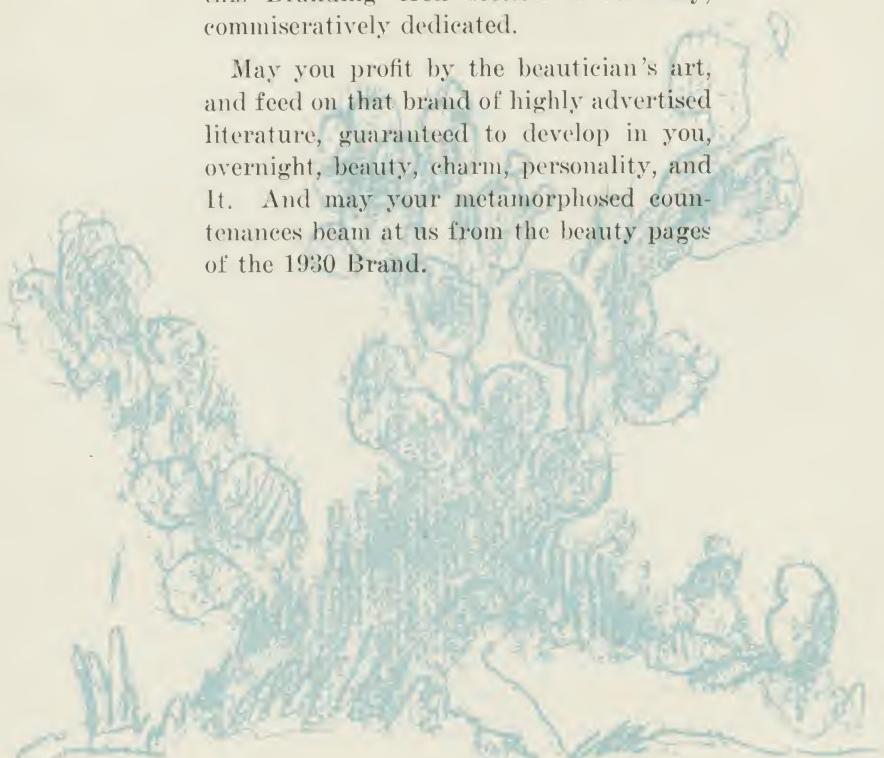


BRANDING IRON

Dedication

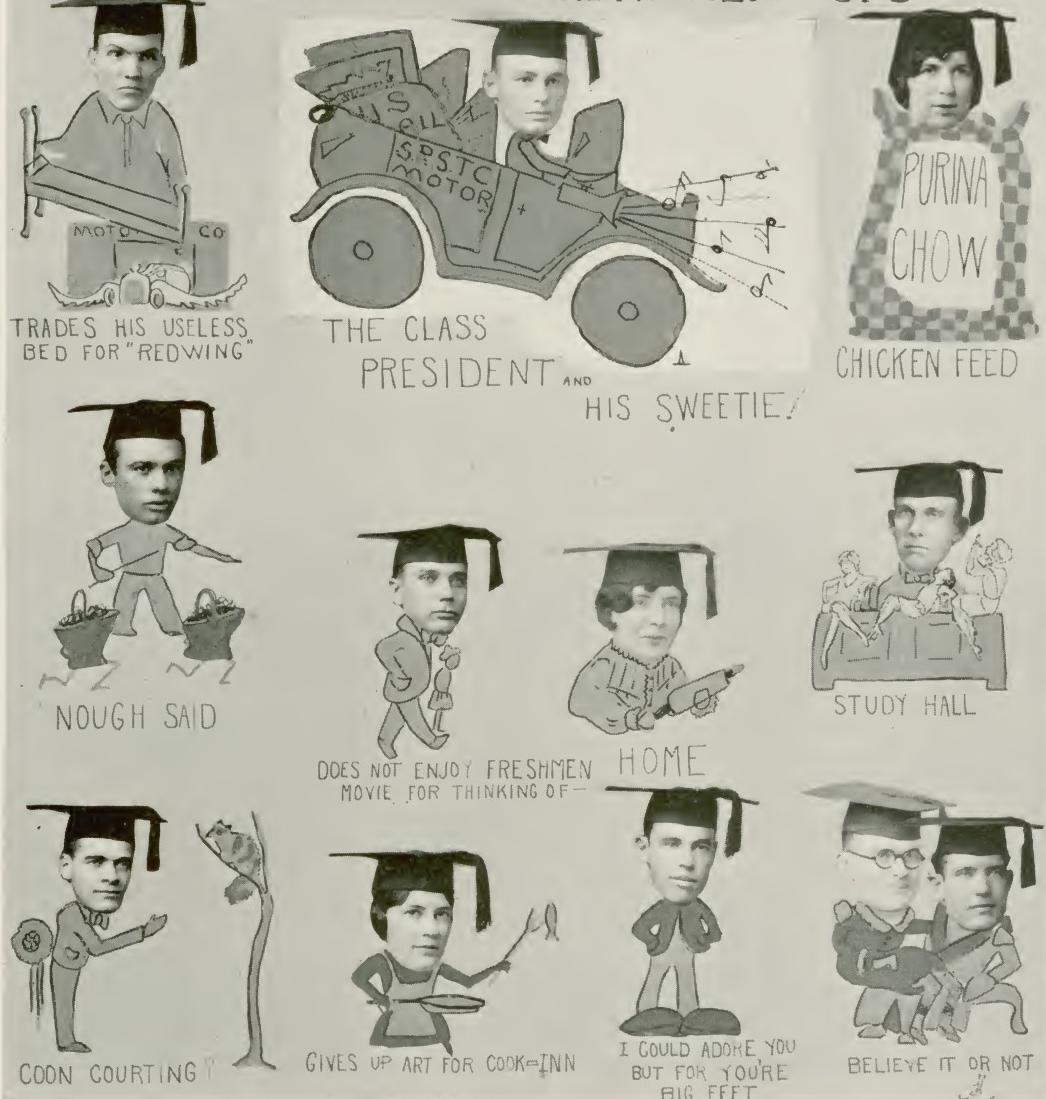
TO the Homely Half Dozen Damsels of Sul Ross who did not rate a nomination in the recent beauty contest, in which every other girl on the campus figured, either as a beauty or as an also-ran, this Branding Iron section is solemnly, commiseratively dedicated.

May you profit by the beautician's art, and feed on that brand of highly advertised literature, guaranteed to develop in you, overnight, beauty, charm, personality, and it. And may your metamorphosed countenances beam at us from the beauty pages of the 1930 Brand.





THE LOWDOWN ON THE HIGHER UPS







PURE LOVE



LOVE A PLENTY



LOVE'S TRIANGLE



LOVE'S BRIDGE~
FOUR BLACK EYES

THIS IS



LOVE WALKING
ON AND ON



LOVE'S KID~
AND BOOTS



LOVE UP AND DOWN



LOVE THAT
KNOWS NO BARS



LOVE FOR HELEN
AND HELEN



LOVE DUE FOR
A FALL



MUCH TO DO
ABOUT NOTHING

LOVE OF ANOTHER KIND



NOT LOVE AT ALL

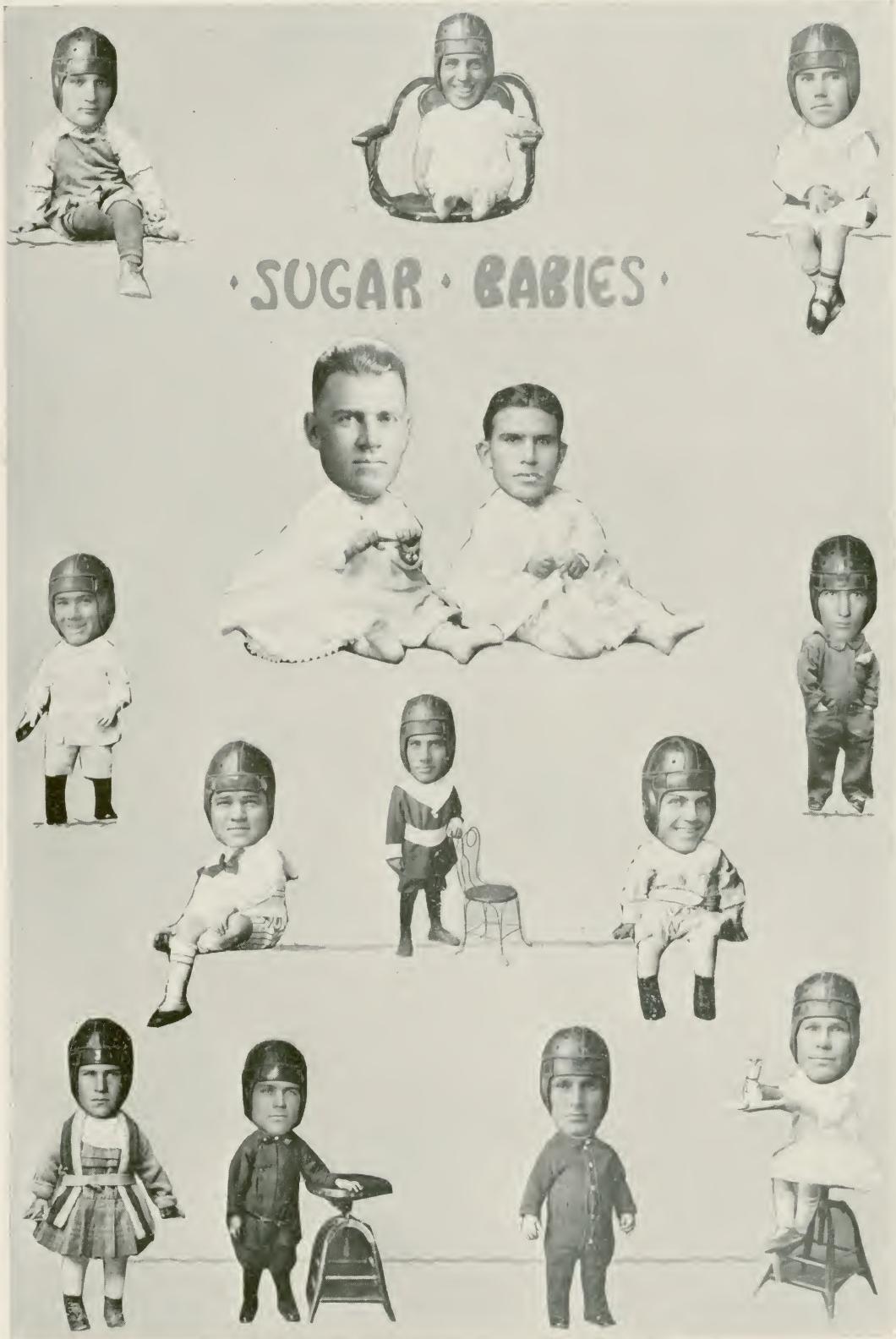


LOVE WALKING
TO TOWN

LOVE WALKING AROUND



LOVE 'PERFECTO'





SNOW KISSIN'



HOUSE O' LEARNIN'

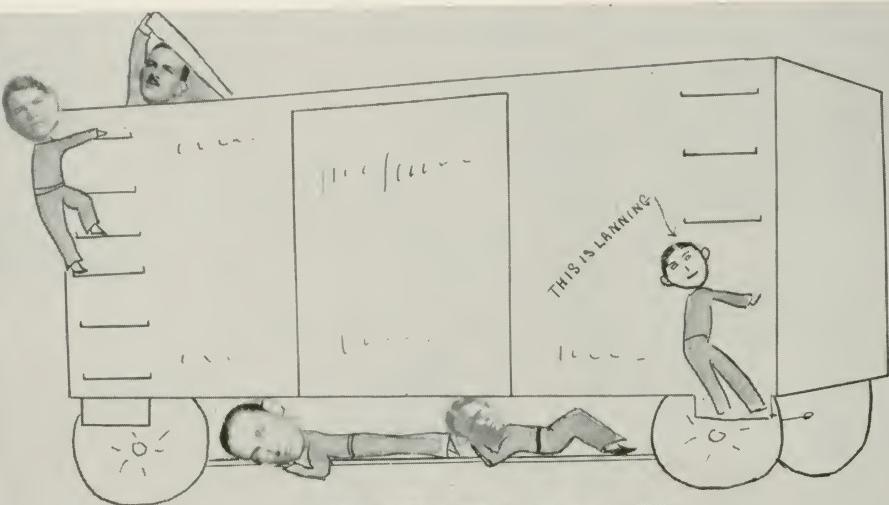
CAMPUS COLLECTION



CLIFF DWELLIN'



GATES-A-GLITTERIN'

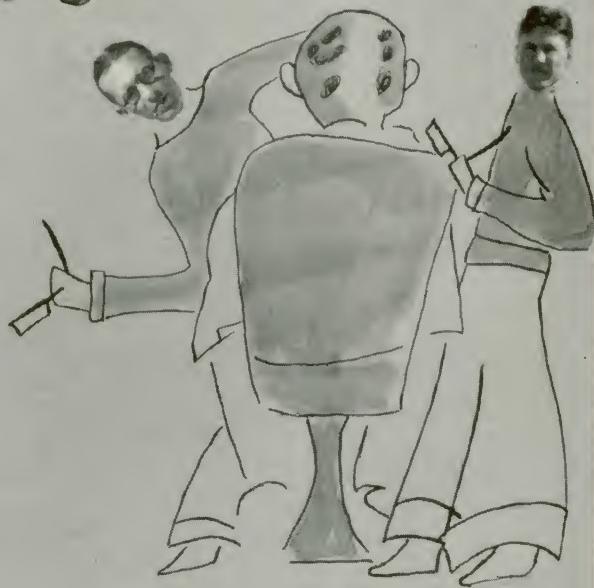


FEB. 22





HUDSON-ESSEX CARS



DATE INDUSTRY



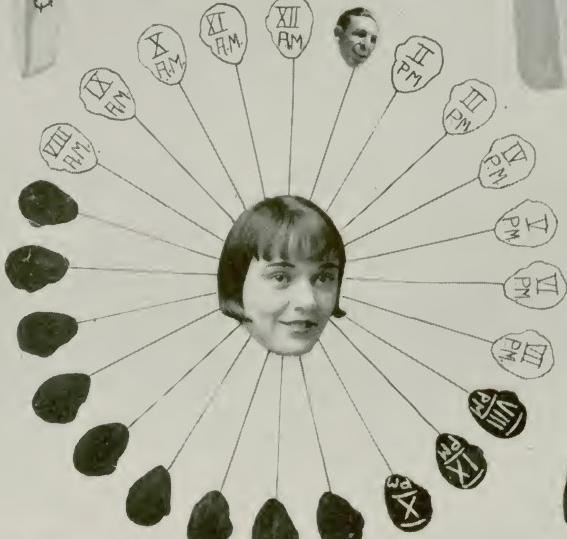
DEB



SUB-DEB

QUOTING

LOLA



ROUND THE CLOCK WITH
JIMMIE



IN WITH ONE AND OUT WITH ANOTHER



DEAN TIPS THE SCALES



ARMY STOCK



BOY FRIENDS



LAUGHIN' STOCK

MUSEUM MATERIAL

IF YOU DOUBT THIS SEND A SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE TO THE BRAND STAFF



NATURAL POSE



BEAUTY



AMBITION



PALS IN CRIME



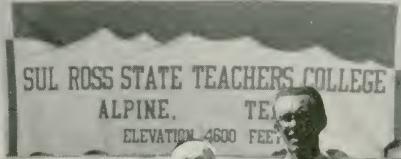
GIRL FRIENDS



SECRET WEDDING

Amazing Performance!

RECREATION AND REST



favorite resort for students.

APARTMENTS,

COTTAGES

DORMITORY

personal interest
"Paradise"

A SCHOOL OF
COLOR



A SENIOR IN THE COLLEGE

THE MOUNTAIN HOME
FURNISHED

Endurance Unrivaled
NATATORIUM,

Decorative Landscapes
picturesque faculty
attending
Beautiful Campus

HOSPITAL TO COLLEGE

ITS GENUINE

THE REAL WEST

THE BIG OUT-OF-DOORS

HEALTH AND PLEASURE

THE FIRST CLASS degrees SPRING SUMMER and FALL

PEAK AT THE **Illustrated Bulletin**

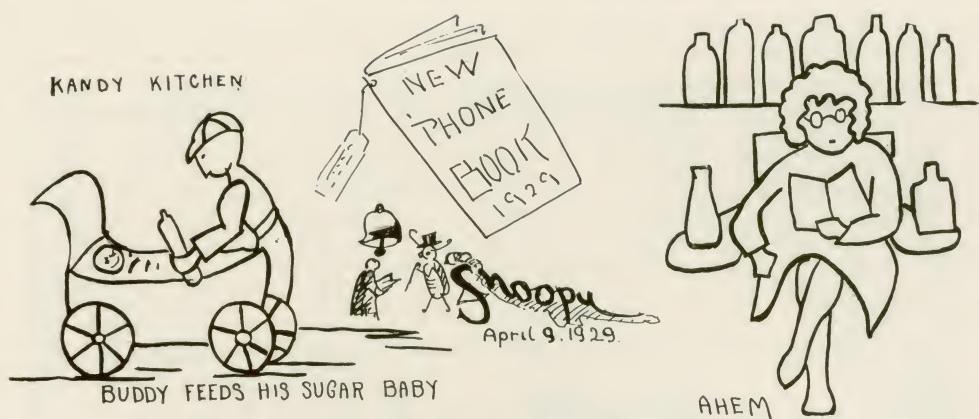
by O'CONNOR PHD

THE "COLLEGE DOCTOR OF ADV.

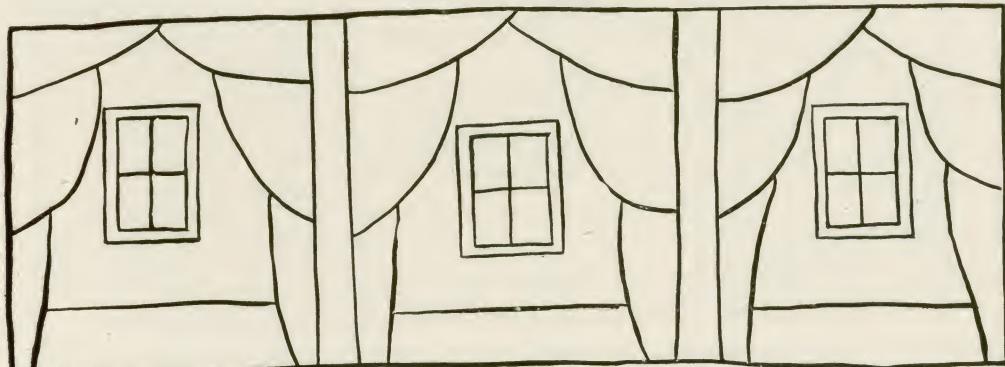
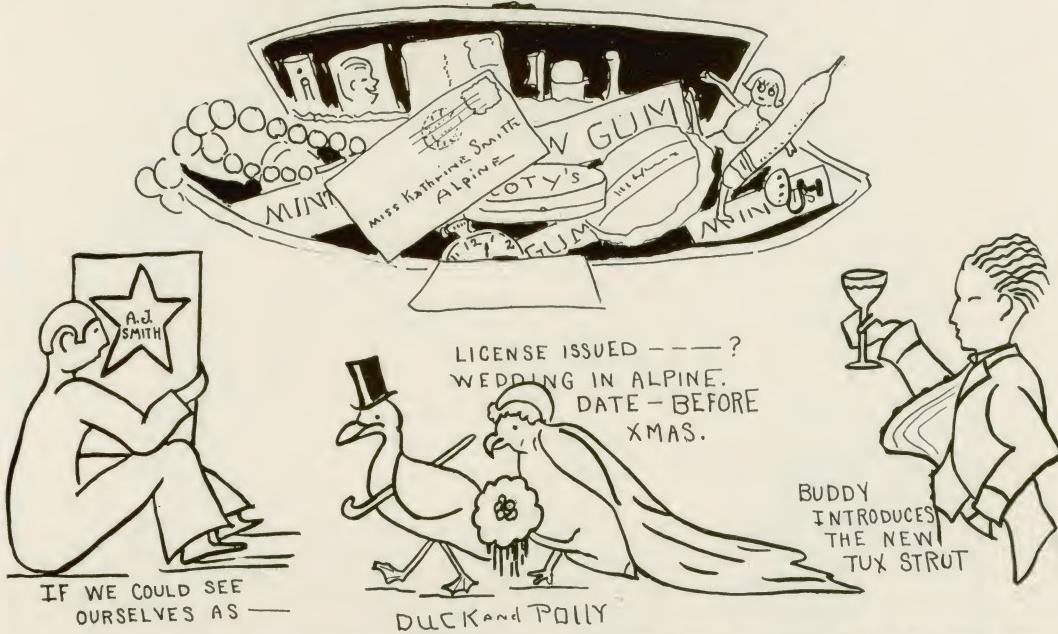
Combine Study with VACATION



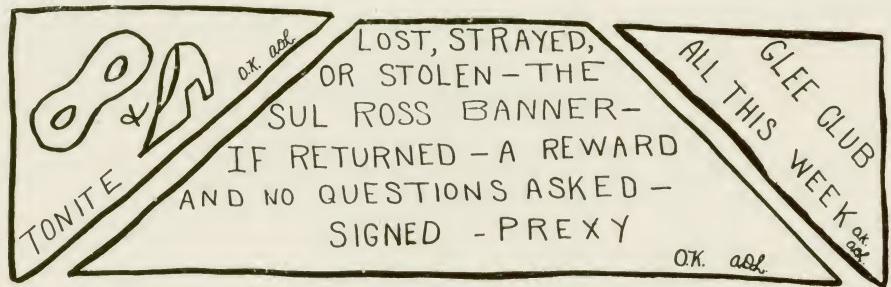
KANDY KITCHEN



EVENTS



THREE BEAUTIFUL STAGE SETTINGS OF THE FORTY-NINE BY SNAKE BITE 



A. ADVERTISING. D. IRIT. L. EGENDS

BOOKS OVER DUE

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES - T. SKEVINGTON

OK. ad.

"WHY, I THOUGHT THOMAS HARDY WROTE THAT!" EXCLAIMED SUE MAYFIELD

THE LATEST ANNOUNCEMENT ALL STUDENT NOTICES MUST BE OKEHED BY THE REGISTRAR

OK. ad.

HIKERS

HIKE TO BIG HILL BE PREPARED

OK. ad.

DANCE IN COLLEGE GYM

SATURDAY NIGHT

OK. ad.

LOST - A BOOK ON EDUCATIN' RETURN TO JERRY RATLIFF

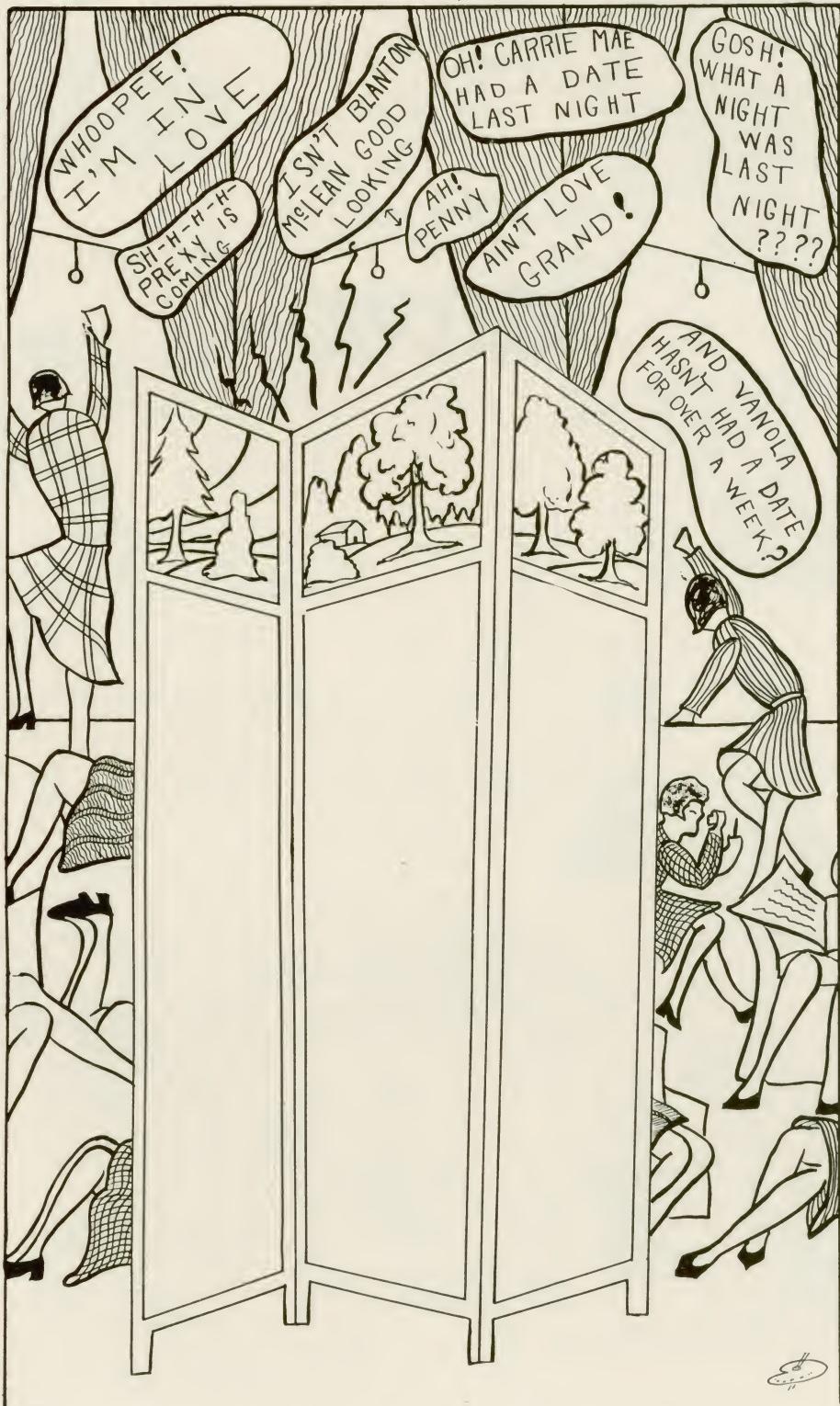
OK. ad.

SEE ME AT ONCE:

MAUD TOBIAS
BELLE BUNDLE
SUNSHINE DUNMAN
BONNIE FAY TIMS
HOOLEY WHITE
APOLLO YOUNGER
TISSIE GLASS
LILLIE WAGNER
GEO. WASH. BAFFER
DEMPSEY GILLEY
ALICE COWAN

OK. ad.

BY SNAKE BITE







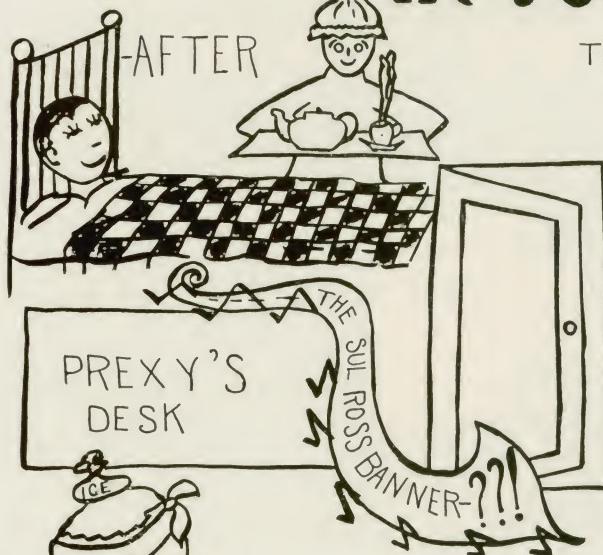
AFTER MILK WAS DELIVERED
AT 4:00 IN THE MORNING



-AND AFTER

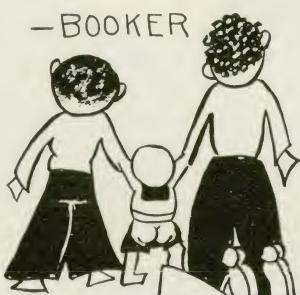


AFTER



PREXY'S
DESK

THE SHAPLEY
HOUSE BURGLAR



-PASS BY



AFTER THE BRAND WENT
TO PRESS



MISS COWAN TO UNEXPECTED
ED MATE-



'WHY YOU'RE NOT EVEN TRUDY!

MISS THOMAS WAITS
IN VAIN



FOR THE COMING BEAU

THE BRANDSTAFF KNOWS THAT
MRS. ALLEN DOES NOT HAVE GREEN BEADS

FACULTY FLUTTERINGS

STEVENS WATSON-NANCY



MISS AYNESWORTH LEAVES
FOR THE DELICATE OPERATION
OF FACE LIFTING
AFTER THE
SUB-COLLEGE-JUNIOR
GAME

SUN. AFTER NOON DATE
MISS BILLINGSLY PARKIN'-OR
DO WE MEAN SPARKIN'

MR. O'CONNOR HAVING
SAT-NOW STANDS

THIS HAIR
IS RED



MISS BRITT
TO MECHANIC
"WILL YOU SMELT
THIS TOGETHER?"

MR. GILLEY BEGS
A DOLLAR
"WHAT, MISS?"

MISS SHIELDS DIRECTS A GLEE CLUB

FRI. JAN. 13

MISS PENDLEY
SORRY, THIS
HAS BEEN
CENSORED



NOW I LAY ME DOWN, TIRED AND WEAK
I AM SO THANKFUL THAT MRS.
GILLEY IS ASLEEP

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, THANK GOODNESS FOR ALL NIGHTS OUT THIS WEEK

WHY JOHN UNDERWOOD MOVES

DARK DOINGS

THE SERENADERS ARE DRIVEN AWAY FROM BERKELEY HALL

GLAZE CLAD IN PAJAMAS CROSSES TOWN AND KNOCKS ON "GLASS" WINDOW

BRAND EDITOR FOLLOWS IN HOT PURSUIT - GLAZE BORROWS HISTORY BOOK

"I OWN A RUMBLE-SE STEP IN" SAYS SAMMIE

RUNNING FEET HORNS HONK
"RUNNING EVERYWHERE"

"GRAB ANKLES"

HEY!
I'VE GOT HIM
"BELTS OFF"

? ! ?
SCREAMS!!?
I BROKE MY BELT

! ? !
YELLS!?

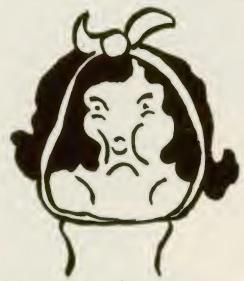
BY SNAKE BITE

WHEN THE CATS
AWAY — ?



DORM DUMBBELLS

AUCTION SALE

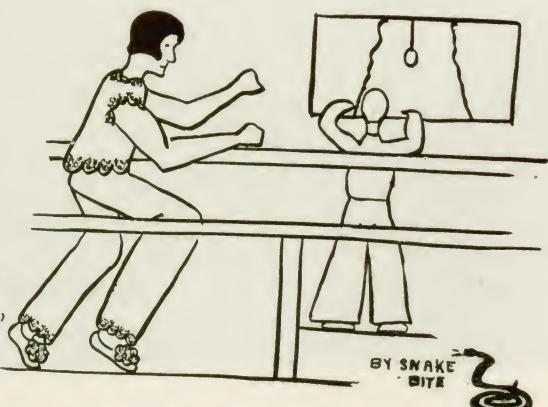


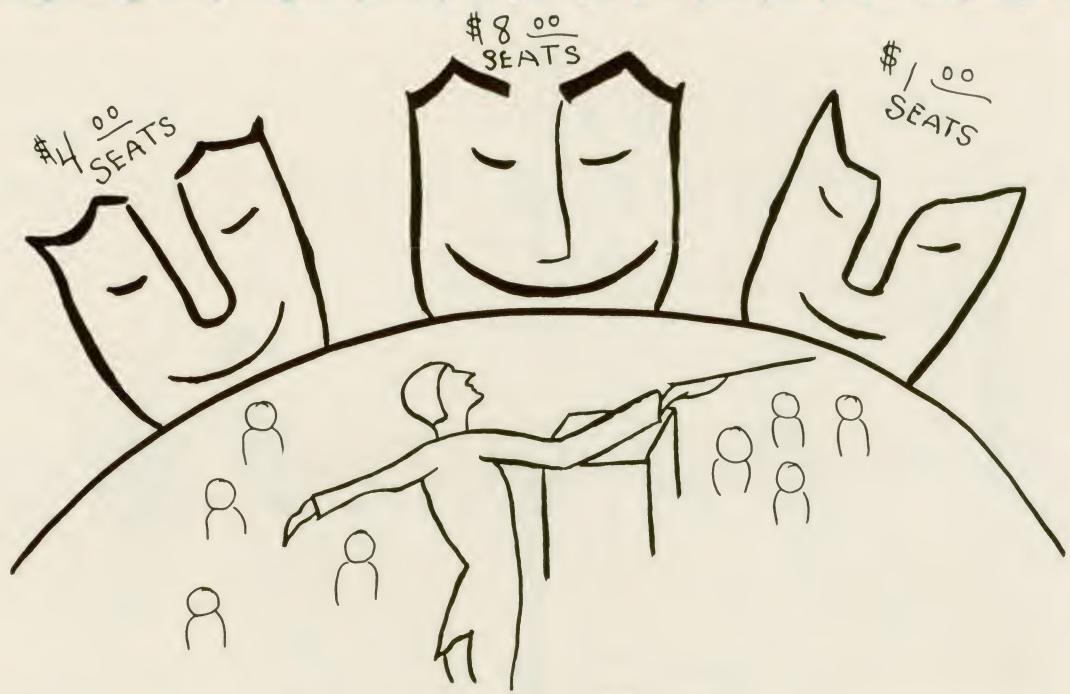
MARY LOU'S RECORD
CASE OF SWELL
HEAD



THE "EDWINA LOUD SPEAKER"
STATIC GUARANTEED

AT LAST—
VIRGINIA HAS FOUND'
HER MAN!

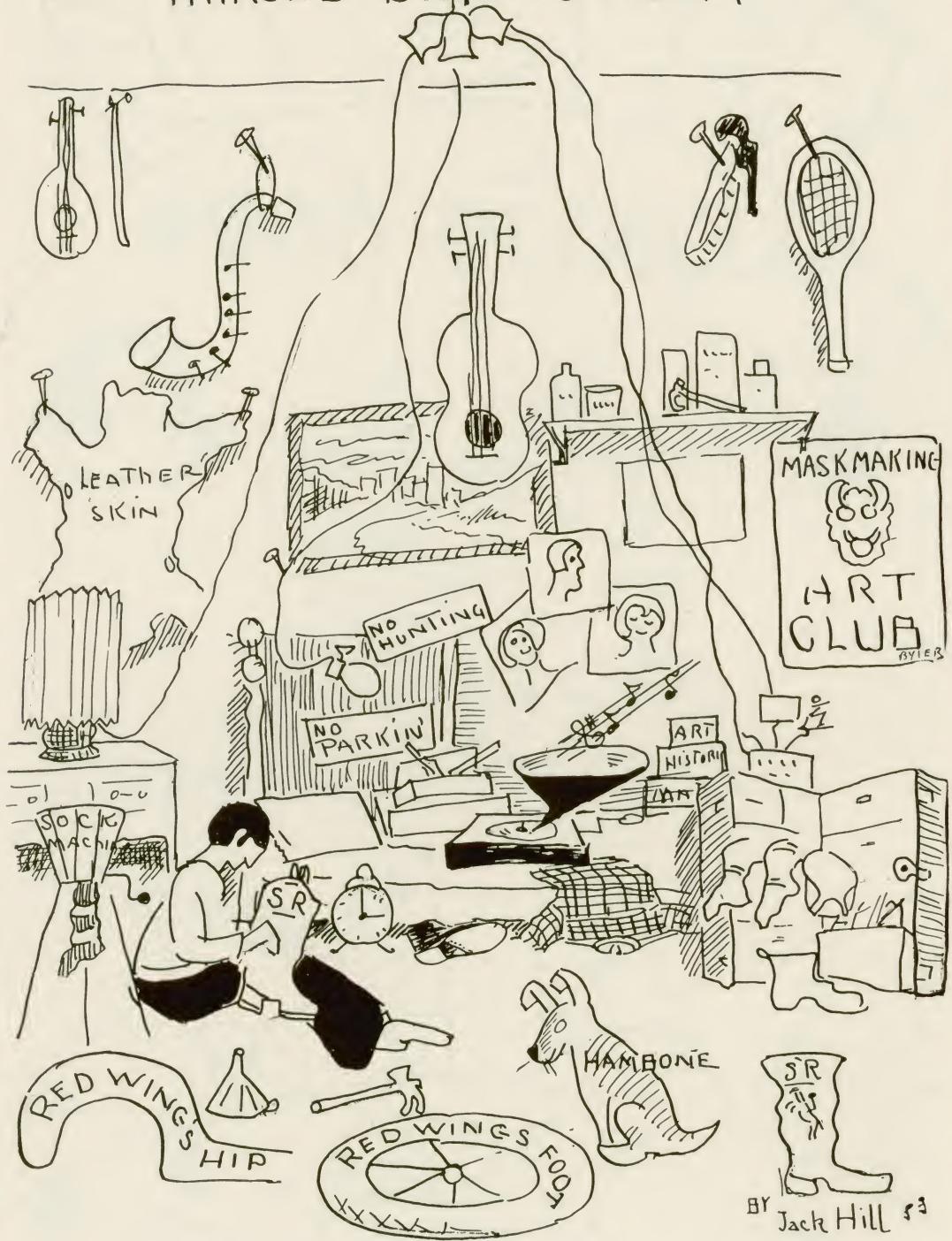




ROUND AND ROUND —
AND UP TO TOWN —
WENT THE HIGH BROWS
TO HEAR "LOHENGRIN" —
AND LOVELY "THAIS"
WHILE ROUND AND ROUND —
UPON A RECORD BOUND —
TO THE TUNE OF A VICTROLA
WENT THE LOWLY LOW BROWS



A BIRDS EYE VIEW OF HAROLD BYLER'S ROOM



LET'S GO!
SUL ROSS
REGATTA
KOKERNOT LAKE
LOBOS vs. YALE

SUL ROSS DIRTLINE

BE A SPORT!
BUY A GUM
DROP
FROM THE
JUNIORS

PUBLISHED BY THE FACULTY OF SUL ROSS—ALL FOOLS DAY, 1929

VOL. VII

"OUT WHERE THE WIND IS"

No. 11

LITTLE WHOOPEE SLAIN BY PREXY

Keefer, Shining Star of Sul Ross Faculty, Again Scores in Art

Awarded Nobel Prize for Best Etchings of Indian Southwest

COY, MODEST, YOUNG

Knows Southwest Like a Book; Comes From Old Southern Family

Special to the Dirtline.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 14.—Betty Keefer, modest Western artist from Alpine, Texas, who instructs the young cowhands at the Sul Ross State Teachers' College there, was today awarded the Nobel Prize for the most representative series of etchings exhibited in the 1929 Exhibit of Modern Etchers.

The series represents the life of the picturesque, unspoiled Indians of New Mexico. There are three pictures in the series, and authorities on Indian life in the Southwest have said that they fairly represent the life cycle of a New Mexico redskin.

Picture One concerns courtships and shows two gay young Indians shaking their

(Cont. on Page 2)

Crime Wave Strikes Physical Education Department

The crime wave has struck the Physical Education Department, according to Miss Lutie Britt, Muscle Director for Females.

A four-dollar alarm clock has gone by the board, and only last week, according to Miss Britt, two pillows were stolen from girls who had fallen asleep while standing on their heads.

Miss Britt states that, though she has no trace of the culprits, she hopes that they fall ill of Scoliosis, Kyphosis, and Lordosis.

Beauty and Appeal of "Our Ox" gets him place in Hollywood

Superannuated Football Star to Shine in Sunny California

That W. D. "Ox" Cowan is soon to shine brightly in the Hollywood firmament, taking the place of Lon Chaney, was the information given out to the Press last evening by Guiseppe Snordensheimer, known to the movie world as the "money behind the screen."

According to his own confession, Mr. Snordensheimer has had his eye on "our Ox" since he starred in the East-West Game last December. He refused to state the salary which he is to pay our handsome hero, but those

(Cont. on Page 2)

Dirtline Staff Flees Before Enraged Thugs

To Seek Peace by Joining Revolution in Mexico

Special to the Dirtline.

OJINAGA, Mex., May 30, 1929—Fleeing before a mob of enraged victims, the bruised, battered, and brainless Dirtline Staff, equipped with little brown jugs and muskets, crossed the Mexican Border this morning to join the Revolution.

After the gory massacre of Nevelyn Williamson, Jack Hill, and A. J. Smith, the remaining members of the staff, pricked by their instinct for self-preservation left Alpine and vicinity for the safer and calmer atmosphere of the Mexican Revolution.

Last Friday at midnight Anne Aynesworth was awake—(Cont. on Page 2)

Red Allen, Lobo Super Star, Cops Win From Texas

Makes Every Point, Completes Every Play Is Whole Team

Special to the Dirtline.

AUSTIN, Tex., Feb. 14.—Playing like a mad man, one man from the Sul Ross State Teachers' College of Alpine, Texas, smote the mighty Longhorns and drove their haughty noses in the dirt. That one man was Kermit Allen, carrot-topped forward, guard, and center. He was literally the whole team, and beside his flashing speed, the balance of his team mates looked like groggy somnambulists.

At the end of the half, the Longhorns led 26—4, but in the first few minutes of the last period Allen got right. From then on there was no doubt as to the outcome.

The high moment of the game came when Allen snatched a ball from the edge of the Texas basket, passed to Allen, who dribbled the length of the field and passed again to Allen. Allen then took the pass and shot seven baskets so quickly that the

(Cont. on Page 2)

Morelock Is Now In Bastile for Hit-and-Run Driving

Death of Poor Fellow Came in Short Time. He Did Not Suffer

WHOOPEE LOVED BY ALL

Louis Loeffler, "Shirtline" Editor, to be Principal Mourner at Funeral

Happy little Whoopie, long known and loved by the students and faculty of the Sul Ross State Teachers College, was ground to death last night underneath the wheels of Pres. Morelock's heavy Buick. Today the student body mourns; Louis Loeffler, Whoopie's best friend, is half insane with grief; and at least two members of the faculty face charges of being hit-and-run drivers.

The tragedy occurred last night at about 8 o'clock. Pres. Morelock and Mr. O'Connor were driving over to see Miss Aynesworth on some business concerning college publications, when suddenly there came a shock and a muffled cry.

(Cont. on Page 2)

Faculty Spinsters in Unguarded Moment Open Up and Reveal Long Cherished Heart Secrets to Dirtline Reporter

"Why have you never married?" the Inquiring Reporter was directed to ask several of the maiden faculty members. A momentous question indeed—and a fairly touchy one to celibate females.

But the Inquiring Reporter girded up his loins and did his best. His question brought various reactions from the female faculty members. In one or two cases he was coolly dismissed; in others the query was met by evasion, in-

dignation, laughter, frankness, and even tears.

In the majority of cases, the alacrity and patness with which the ladies set forth their reasons indicated previous and frequent deep thought along the line suggested by the Reporter.

The answer of at least two of the faculty women took the form of the world-old story of romance, a call to arms, a brave young lover

(Cont. on Page 8)

Frankie Cochran, Sul Ross Senior, Runs Amuck and Attempts to Kill Small Calf whom he has Long Hated

Frankie Cochran, Sul Ross graduate of last June, is now on trial for the crime of running down an innocent white-faced calf. The tragedy occurred on the Ft. Davis highway on April 5, 1929. Cochran was on his way to El Dorado, accompanied by two girls, to visit another. The calf, although not fatally wounded, was unable to graze on the green and balmy hills of Brewster County for over two months.

Cochran's plea is insanity. He has retained counsel in the person of Judge John Perkins who has procured John Fortner, a close friend of the accused, and Mrs. Evelyn Waldrum, a sister of the accused, as witnesses to testify to his insanity. John Fortner testifies that Cochran wept bitterly if a certain letter did not come every day and was known to weep several times when it did come.

(Cont. on Page 8)

REAR END OF EXOTIC PORKER IN MUSEUM

Half of a guinea pig's tail has been donated to the museum by the Hon. W. E. Caldwell, prominent Alpine man who found the specimen hiding from a mad bull under a loco weed. Mr. Caldwell was roaming among the beer-bottled ranges of the Rio Grande in search of a

(Cont. on Page 2)

SECOND NEWS SECTION

KEEFER, SHINING

(Cont. from Page 1)

dogs, while a withered ancient behind them does his stuff on the saxophone. The title of the picture is "Courtship; or, Blackbottom Dance of the San Juan Indians." Picture Two shows a young Indian society matron preparing a meal. In one hand she has a can-opener and in the other a can of Campbell's tomato soup. Other figures in this etching are those of two medicine men dickering with a Ford salesman and a squaw emptying a patent carpet sweeper. The title of this masterpiece is "Chow; or, the Feast Dance of the Mescalero Apaches." The third picture has been pronounced the best by man critics, and it has been said that it was owing to the excellence of this work that Miss Keefer was awarded the prize. It is called "Corn Dance of the Taos Indians," and it reveals one of the most esoteric dances in Western America. It shows the interior of a Taosian kiva, with several lusty young bucks cavorting around a still, flourishing bottles of fresh and potent corn.

This is simply titled "Corn Dance." Through a crack in the adobe top of the kiva one is able to see an eye. (A prohibition enforcement officer?)

Miss Keefer is one of the world's authorities on Indian life, as well as being a very remarkable etcher. She has long known the redskins, and is privy to their innermost thoughts. Twice she has passed through New Mexico on her way to California, and once she spent a whole week in a Santa Fe Hotel.

Enrich your family in a flash! Insure your life with the York Insurance Co. and take a ride in the college bus. Rich returns guaranteed —adv.

LITTLE WHOOPEE
SLAIN BY PREXY

(Cont. from Page 1)

"What's that?" asked Pres. Morelock. Did we hit something?"

"Probably a rock," Mr. O'Connor was later reported as saying.

Pres. Morelock stopped the car and peered back into the darkness, but he could not see the frail body of little Whoopie lying mangled and torn in the road.

They drove on.

A few minutes later, Louis Loeffler happened along. Hearing groans, he hurried to the side of the stricken lad. In vain he tried to instill life into the languishing figure, but the mangled child died in his arms with one last wise-crack on his whitened lips.

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night, Louis?" he began. But he was too weak to finish. There was a last flutter of the tired eyes, a faint whisper from the brave lips, and all was over. With a scream Louis fell fainting on the body. It was there that passers-by found them a few minutes later.

When the tragedy came to the ears of the local authorities, an investigation soon resulted. It did not take long for the officers to fix the blame on Pres. Morelock and Mr. O'Connor.

At the present they are trying to get the charge reduced from first-degree murder to man slaughter. However, the prosecution claims that it has witnesses to prove that they both have made threats against Whoopie's life.

It is said that they have both stated that Little Whoopie was a dumb and stupid fellow and that they would gladly get rid of him.

The funeral is to be held at the Loeffler home at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

BEAUTY AND APPEAL

(Cont. from Page 1)

who know say that it will make the late Lon Chaney's thousand a week look like a collar-button dropped into a collection plate.

"Such a fellar — such a face," cried Mr. Snordensheimer, when he was asked for his opinion on "Our Ox". "He will be a knock-out. All the time he is like Lon was in the 'Phantom of the Opera.' He don't need no makeup."

"Our Ox" is very, very happy. Reporters and photographers "swarm" about him. But he "remains" his own sweet, unspoiled self.

"Goody, goody," he is "reported" to have said when he was offered the position by Snordensheimer. "It means so much for dear old Sul Ross." Then he paused for a moment, rolling his eyes. "I'll becha I have fun with those girls in the movies," he giggled.

Louis Loeffler will be the chief mourner.

(Editor's note:—Those who read in this issue little Whoopie's last column—perhaps the most scintillatingly clever contribution that has ever come from his diamond-pointed pen—will do so with tears on their cheeks. One of the last acts of the little fellow was to turn in this copy for the *Dirtline*.

Poor, brave lad!

But let us say no more. Let us not heap coals of fire on the burning heads of his slayers. Their own consciences are torture enough.)

Several Sub-College students were seen in the study hall last Wednesday at the Sixth period.

Drown that thirst with Kokernot Springs Dew. (Bring your own jug)—adv.

REAR END OF EXOTIC PORKER

(Cont. from Page 1)

German Weiner which had escaped from the clutches of a housewife, just as she was chopping it up for a dish of klopperjungoo.

The tail is the only one of its kind in the world. Dr. H. J. Cottle, onion man, states that he knew that it existed, but he had traced it no farther than the Big Bend. The tail has been embalmed by local undertakers and now reposes in a marble bath tub.

RED ALLEN, LOBO SUPER STAR

(Cont. from Page 1)

baffled Longhorns hardly knew what was happening.

Sul Ross Texas
Allen...F...Harold Teen
Allen...F...Buttercup
Allen...C...McGinty

Allen...G...Moon Mullins
Allen...G...Jiggs
POINTS—Sul Ross, 72; Texas, 30. Field Goals: Allen, 30; Finnegan, 2; Buttercup, 9; Moon Mullins, 11. Free Goals: Allen, 6; Jiggs, 1; Teen, 5.

SUBSTITUTIONS—Sul Ross: Allen for Allen, Allen for Allen, Allen for Allen. Texas: Moon Mullins for Jiggs, Jiggs for Teen, McGinty for Buttercup.

ended from her peaceful slumber by shrieks of "Libel!" Just before the door cracked under the onrushing student body, Anne, always poised in moments of stress, realized the futility of protesting innocence, hid under the rug, and thus escaped lynching. She thoughtfully phoned the other conspirators and warned them of their peril.

John O'Connor hastily gathered the offenders in his new coupe. Because of the small capacity of the motor and because Dolores Taylor refused to leave her pet fish, it was necessary for Florine Kitts to sit on a pebble in the fish bowl. Miss Aynesworth, neatly dressed in her hair curlers and black satin pullman robe, held little John Fortner on her lap; he, in turn was incumbered with Marcella Pennington. Five miles from town, Sarah Beecroft and Helen Baines protested that the purple stripes of John O'Connor's pajamas took up too much room. This difficulty was remedied by pouring water from the fish bowl over the offending suit and fading the stripes. This arranged, the little group drove on to safety, cheered by the beautiful strains of "Sweet Adeline," sung by Mrs. Tyler and Gene McGullough.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking both the Hord and Casner Motor Companies for the use of their cars during several days of March. Their kindness saved me a gasoline bill as well as wear and tear on my Buick, which, I might mention, is good for several years.

C. A. Gilley.

Set Upon by Savage Lobo, Sigmund Byrd, Sul Ross Athlete and Thinker, Saves Self by Power of Great Mind

With his head gory and covered with blood and one finger missing at the elbow, Sigman Byrd, freshman student in Sul Ross who has been twice decorated for bravery by the Smithsonian Institute, managed to drag his torn and mangled body to the foot of Big Hill yesterday afternoon. Though he was found in a serious condition, he was still clutching his treasured ukelele tightly to his bloody breast.

While being rushed to Alpine in an ambulance called from El Paso, Barney Booker, his best friend and chief second, who was leaning over him crooning love songs, happened to make a mistake in his grammar. Siggy Sigman, braving the pain which his every movement cost him, jumped up with a frown on his frothy lips and said in a startled voice:

"Did Mr. Coleman get here before I did? I guess Mr. Ratliff is in the other place."

The poor fellow seems to have lost all sense of his whereabouts. However, A. J. Smith, aspiring reporter for the Skyline, managed to get a story from him for the New York World and the Petit Journal.

"I spend my afternoons in rambling, preferably alone, carefree and happy, over the hills and the valleys which I have found in the Big Bend. I love to pluck my ukelele and hum songs to the birds and the bees, the flowers and trees. Last evening as I was finishing the last strains of "Then the Wolf Comes in at the Door" (a composition from the pen of Booker and Byrd), I saw, bearing down upon me from the top of a mountain, a giant Lobo wolf with six feet, four eyes, and a forked tail. His tongue was dripping saliva, which steamed as it fell to the ground in torrents; his teeth were bared in an ugly, ivory

smile, and his eyes were spitting fire.

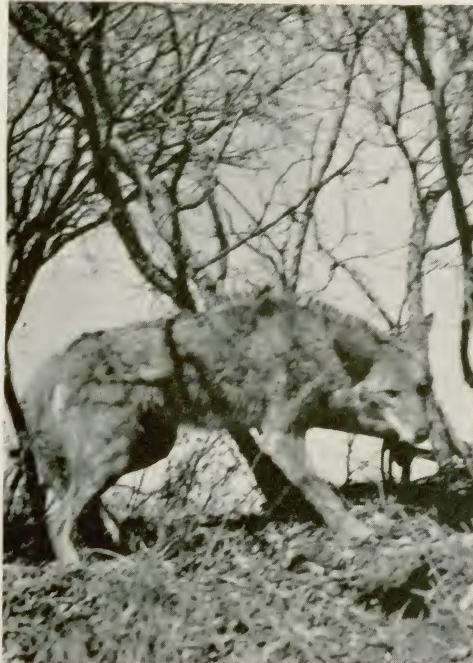
"I had no fear. I must fight to uphold the honor and glory of old Sul Ross. No vicious creature should make the formidable Byrd, pride of his father and mother and one maiden aunt, give up the ship without a struggle typical of the old Byrd fighting spirit which was donated to the family tree a thousand years ago by Cornelius Pithecanthropus Erectus, who fought with tooth and toenail for his very existence.

For three days and nights, I kept up the unequal struggle. When the wolf tired, he would crawl weakly to a cat-tail bush and munch a fresh tail. As he was doing that I would dig carefully in the ground until I came to a bottle of beer, and then I would drink thereof. I saw that neither of us would win. I do not like draw battles. They are so indecisive. So I pulled my ukelele from its scabbard and began rehearsing my repertoire. Jokes, songs, funny sayings, all sorts of wisdom, flowed from my lips in such a crystal stream that the wolf lost his scowl.

He came over to me and begged, with large and limpid eyes, for his tail which I had unconsciously made off with in the struggle. I gave the quivering part of his anatomy to the animal, who slapped it on the stub so that it would grow back again. He jumped onto his one good leg, picked his false teeth from the catclaw bush, snapped them into his mouth and left for parts unknown. The rest, I do not remember."

The exclusive Free News Service of the *Dirtline* is responsible for the cut of the vicious animal which Byrd so gallantly battled. Booker, who carries a camera in his ukelele to take pictures of the songs as they float from his mouth, chartered

THE LONE WOLF: The creature which "Our hero", Sigmund Byrd fought off for 18 horrified hours.



airplane and left immediately for the scene of the battle. Seeing a large tract of ground which was torn up, with trees nude of their branches and leaves, with two quarts of blood sitting on a bear cap, and other indications of a great battle, Booker parked his plane near a fire plug and scampered over the hills in search of the animal. Whether or not he found the beast is uncertain, but it is true that he returned late that night with the above picture. The description given by Byrd in his delirium does not exactly tally with the camera's description.

Whoopie, the college detective with the purple necktie, has since, in an underhand and sneaking manner, spread the information through his cronies, that the wolf was really a large cottontailed jackrabbit which had escaped from the museum at

the college and was leaving for Mexico. It is thought that Byrd looked so much like Prof. Cottle, who charms the plants and animals into submission so that he can paste them on sheets of paper, that the rabbit, taking a long drink of tobacco juice, made the attack in defense of his friends of the forest and field.

All the college students have signed a petition to have Byrd again decorated, this time by the Austin Institute for the Insane. They are in an uproar and threaten to swing Whoopie to an apple tree for taking anything from the marvelous Byrd's claim to outstanding glory by getting the facts in the case.

Bob Clark announces that there will be a meeting of the Basket Ball girls tomorrow at one o'clock in the girls' rest room and everyone should be there.

Non-Halitoxic Onion Newly Discovered by Sul Ross Bio. Head

Is New to Science, declares Dr. Cottle, when assaulted by Press

ALL OVER BIG BEND

The Sly Onion Was Brought to Bag with Aid of Dog

Dr. Harve (Hot Shot) Cottle has brought fame to himself and glory to Sul Ross by discovering the *Watsadiseus Cottius*, a non-halitoxic onion with a yellow flower, which is a distinctive product of Alpine and vicinity (elevation, 4,600 ft.).

Dr. Roy Buncombe, savant at the Smithsonian, declares that it is absolutely new to science. The tuber has been named *Cottius* for Dr. Cottle.

For many years the non-breath-befouling onion has been growing in back yards all over West Texas, but the fact that it was an onion was not discovered because it usually wore its galoshes backward and rode a bicycle. But it took more than that to fool Dr. Cottle.

"The slyest onion in the world is no match for my wits," declared Dr. Cottle coyly when interviewed by a *Dirtline* reporter. "And what is more, the strongest onion in the world is no match for me."

Cottle gives all the credit for his marvelous discovery to his Nebraska hogs. By a mutation, Dr. Cottle succeeded in developing hogs who could feed themselves, clean their pens, and run into a spiked fence when killing time came.

Thus Dr. Cottle was given an opportunity to devote all of his time to taking his wife to husking bees and following his *Proboscis* hound in search of trees and grass. Everytime the dog saw a *Cornicophates* of a *Longduncus*, he would turn green. Dr. Cottle got his nose for strange flowers from watching his hound on the job.

He left Nebraska crying for more flowers to conquer and landed in Alpine with a complete kit of burglar tools with which he stole the plants from the earth.

"It seems strange to me that great scientists such as I never grow rich from their discoveries. I suppose now that Bob Clark or Gene McCullough, the original go-getters, will accumulate great wealth from my discovery," declared Dr. Cottle.

BOOKS AND EDITORIALS

SUL ROSS DIRTLINE

Entered as low-class matter at the post-office at Anywhere.

A Try-daily Publication by the Literary Guilt of Sul Ross.

Subscription Price

For the year.....\$10.00

For the vacation.....10.00

JUST A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED BOY

The editor of the Dirtline feels himself indeed fortunate in knowing a certain gentleman about school whose mind works like an eight day alarm clock, never missing a tick and never making a mistake. We feel that more students should become acquainted with and appreciate, with us, this marvelous display of mentality which is housed in such a modest body.

Last evening it was the duty of John Fortner, editor of the Brand, to call upon a young lady who is on the staff of that publication. They were busily at work in her room when the lights flickered and went out. As the young lady went to find some other means of illumination, Fortner, displaying the greatest presence of mind which is recorded in history or otherwise, jumped to the table, tore the cover from a typewriter and began pecking away with such a vehemence that he broke seven of the keys off at the base. It was only his great ability to think clearly when under a great strain which saved the day for himself and the young lady.

What a world this would be if there were more like him. He would know just exactly what to do in case he got a cinder in his eye at a hotel fire; he could tell a young lady just exactly what to do if she tore a rimmer in her hose; why, gentlemen, he could do anything even on the shortest of notices. If he had a bucket of water and three men were dying of thirst, what would he do? I have asked him so as to pass this bit of wisdom on to you. Would he give all of the men a drink at the same time? Would he favor one by allowing him to quench his thirst first and thus allow the others to suffer?

THE POSITION OF THE DIRTLINE

The Dirtline is the only absolutely fearless publication on the campus. We have no fear of libel suits, we need not hide behind President Morelock when we see Hawkhaw coming, we never clutch our few pennies every time we think of the courts, we are free to say what we mean and what is the truth. The truth is beauty and that is perhaps the only claim which this issue can make for its being forced upon its innocent readers.

We knew so many things about so many people that we could hold our pens no longer. These persons have been going around with their heads in the air and their hands in other people's pockets. This will bring them down to our level—they are not perfect as everyone thinks they are. We have spent months of our valuable time in collecting all of this news and every bit of it is authentic—no half-way stuff with us. We have spent money, we have borrowed ears, we have stolen pencils, we have snatched copy paper—we have spared ourselves no amount of pain to bring this to you. But we have done a neat job.

We trust that you will appreciate our efforts enough to aid us in spreading the news which we have brought to you after so much physical and mental anguish.

No! Emphatically no! He said that he would rush down to the Ben Franklin Chain store, buy three cups for 19 cents, and divvy the dampness in that way. Persons who do not have the great mind of this Fortner could never feature such a bit of thinking. You will do well to follow John. You can not help but pick up something which will be of value to you in an emergency. Such as the above, for instance.

WITHOUT THE BOOKS

Edited by LEWIS GLAZE

POET AND LOVER

MY LIFE AND LOVES, By W. D. "Ox" Cowan, 2 Vol., 997 pp. \$5.00.

NEW YORK: Alfred A. Knopf.

This slender volume will be of great interest to all Rossonians, as "Ox", "Our Ox", was a student here for a great many years—some twelve or fifteen years, in fact. Here he played "football", and it was here that he developed his astounding "personality."

There is no doubt that Mr. Cowan is one of the most remarkable men of the age. He tells with remarkable frankness of his life and of the "various" women who

"crossed his path". And, by the way, he also lays to rest in volume No. 2 the rumor that Sinclair Lewis used him as the original of "Elmer Gantry", which will be remembered by the bookish as "the novel of the year 1927."

To quote Mr. Cowan's own words:

"This here idear that Sink-lare Louis used me for the original of Elmer Gantry is all the bunk. At that time I never new ole Sink a tall."

KEEPING THE YOUNG IN THE PATHS OF VIRTUE

HOW TO BE A DEAN OF WOMEN, By Alice Cowan, 161 pp. \$1.50.

BOSTON: Little, Brown, and Co.

"Physical violence", declares our veteran Dean of Women, "is still the most effective means of keeping the animal spirits of young females in check." Miss Cowan tells of the many

spankings she has given to flagrant neckers, while the halls echoed and re-echoed with their squalls and yells. "Never spare the brush, and you will have very little trouble with your charges," is the Dean's parting shot.

LITTLE TREASURES

AMERICAN FOLK BALLADS AND SONGS, By H. Easton Allen, 217 pp. \$1.69.

ALPINE: The Writers' Guild and Esoteric Society.

We have a scholar in our midst. For many years Prof. Allen has been using his spare time in collecting the folk songs of the common people. As Mr. Allen was overseas, the songs of the doughboys come in for their share of space.

To give the reader an idea of some of the stanzas of the epic "Hinkey Dinkey Parlez-Vous", the editor has decided to quote:

"Oh, farmer have you a daughter fair?"

Parlez-vous.

Oh, They fight.....

(*(Editor's Note: As this volume is going into many old-fashioned homes and this review will no doubt be read around the fireside to the young and impressionable, it was considered expedient that a small portion of this review be deleted.)

MODELS OF SLUSH

GEMS OF SENTIMENT FOR AUTOGRAPHERS OF COL-
LEGE ANNUALS, By Dolores Taylor, 1001 pp. \$10.00.

ALPINE: Hand-set. Grimes and Byler.

Miss Taylor has been influenced by the once-popular "Complete Letter-Writer", which afforded ready-made models of the epistolary art—models of every conceivable type: congratulations to a bride, condolence for a widower, and acceptance of a proposal of marriage. Miss Taylor has shown delicate discrimination and fine shad-

ing of sentiment in these specimens to be used in the juvenile practice of "writing in" the college annual. The specimens are graded on the basis of the length of acquaintance and depth of tenderness between the writer and the person addressed.

One has but to glance over models, carefully grouped and

(Cont. on Page 9)

Play any instrument in a few short weeks. Do you sit on the sidelines at parties? Are you out of it because you can't play? It's the musician who claims attention. If you play, you are always in demand.

From the very first you are playing real tunes perfectly by note.

They will laugh when you sit down to play—but their laughter will change to amazement!

Change from a wall flower to the center of attraction! Sul Ross Music Department Phyllis Burnton. Ivine Shields.

GIRLS

Are you in the matrimonial business? Wait—a new theory has been advanced!

Don't marry a poor man. There's a rich one waiting around the corner for every girl.

For particulars phone, write, or see H. E. Allen.

J. H. Head, conductor of Sul Ross band, has won considerable renown through his invention of a delicate musical instrument which is a cross between the smear, the bagpipe, and the calliope. It will be known as the smearpipe.

Try a house that Jack builds. J. A. Gillis. (Adv.)

Mrs. Voules returned late Sunday night from her weekly visit to Friend in Marfa.

Special rates on all Activity Tickets bought on or after May 2. Flora Daugherty. (Adv.)

Mr. Pokey Stevens was the jovial host at a chicken fry last week, given on the verdant grasses of the football field. Delicious young fryers and bottles of cool milk, unsuspectingly furnished by city housekeepers, were enjoyed by the guest.

Little Easton Allen Throws A Big Party

Little Henry Easton Allen entertained his young friends Saturday afternoon with an Easter egg hunt on his sixth birthday. The children began to gather about three o'clock and were given balloons and squawkers. The noise of the squawkers was too much for little Horace Morelock, and he went home.

Various games were suggested by the little boys. They finally decided on golf, suggested by Master Charles Absalom Gilley, but little Jerry Rattliff sat in a corner and cried because they wouldn't play "Tiddedy Winks". Then a game of baseball was started. Benny Graves made five home runs before he could be stopped. The game had to be stopped for lack of a pitcher because Penny Penrod found a toy Chrysler in the backyard.

Then Henry Easton yelled out at his friends: "Well, that's that; get after the Easter eggs." The children were searching for the eggs when a yell of pain came from the back porch. Jackie O'Connor had shot himself with a rifle. When all the eggs were gathered, Charles Absalom Gilley was given a pair of golf kniekers as a prize for finding the most. The young host served his little friends with all-day suckers. Again little Jerry Rattliff cried because he wanted sweet cakes.

Henry Easton had a large array of birthday gifts, among them a red-striped stick of peppermint, a pair of boots with red tassels, two German books, and ten history books, a joke book, and a book on "The Psychology of Love". Little H. J. Cottle also presented him with a species of each of the 100 varieties of each of the wild Hippopatormundi.

The little boys departed wishing their host many happy returns of the day, but at the very last, little Jerry Rattliff yelled back that nobody could make him believe that "any Easter bunny laid all of those eggs."

The sub-college Seniors will play off the last of their series of crap games in the study hall during the sixth period Tuesday afternoon. It is reported that at the conclusion of this series the seats will be removed to make room for daily track practice at the sixth period. Faithful Steve will be right there.

TO ATLANTIC CITY: Ruby Penrod, Sul Ross fresh who won the unanimous vote of the judges in the recent Trans-Pecos Bathing Revue, is to be the Miss Alpine this year at Atlantic City.



THRU THE WALLS WITH WHOOPEE

By RUBBER SOLE

Now little "girlie-wirlies" don't you wish you knew who Whoopee was?

But just you keep hoping. Maybe some day you'll know.

Ray McNeil and Chester LeCroy were walking down the street one morning, when one "spoke" to a girl who passed.

"Who is the lady?" asked Chester.

"That ain't a lady: that's Melburn Glass," responded Ray.

Wonder what old "Bad Coochie Graves" was doing parked in his Buick sedan on the Marathon road last Tuesday. When he came in he had some threads of "gold" on his coat. Oh, Whoopee knows....

Old Trav Dean got in a terrible "pickle" not long ago.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Whoopee has known this a long time, but he believed there were exceptions, even to this romantic rule. Our Gene McCullough was one of the most exceptional exceptions—so Whoopee thought. But one night under the pale new moon Gene had a date with a dormitory girl. And they do say—but Whoopee doesn't tell all he knows. He wouldn't like to snuff out a shy little flame before it had even flickered.

Whoopee wonders—or did wonder; he thinks he knows now—why John Fortner put two pictures of Ruth Hale in the freshman class panels in the Brand. Rumor hath it that the one love of John's life was a certain lassie

Yellow Kitty Saved by Little Brother from Rabid Rodent

A vicious mouse, apparently crazed by smoking seventeen marijuana cigarettes, ran amuck yesterday with almost fatal results to "Little Yellow Kitty", 10-pound mammoth tiger-faced cat belonging to John W. O'Connor. When this sharp-toothed resident of Alpine's Mexico surprised the feline, the bravery of the victim's brother was all that saved the day. He ran to the nearest kitchen and grabbed a bit of limburger cheese with which he lured the crazed mouse from its mangled victim.

named Ruth. Whenever John sees the name, he suffers mental lapses, calling up memory pictures of the original lovely Ruth. And so he sees double, as it were. The pictures of present-day Ruths become images of his Ruth—and so he multiplies them.

Georgia Lee Sniffer's grandmother hired a new maid. Harold Sims was calling, and the newly hired one answered the door. He asked for this freshman and the woman replied that she was engaged.

"I know it," said Harold; "I'm what she's engaged to."

Ha, ha, Whoopee has just found that Ivan Newton sent his trousers to the Associated Press.

\$50.00 REWARD

to the student who first turns in the name of the faculty member not mentioned in these columns.

Send your answer to The Society for Social and Scientific Research.

60 Days' Free Trial

You'll never know life until you take this fascinating course.

I'll teach you in one course (history included) how to dance, kill Germans, speak French, manage children, win your beloved, and play golf.

Problems on war, marriage, psychology, and administration of government frankly discussed. A daring course, brimful of plain truth and intimate secrets.

Your friends will notice the difference my scientific shortcut to a thorough education makes.

This course is disguised as English History 210, 211, 212 and American History 101, 102, 103.

Professor Allen.

Found in the Library, the following bit of idyllic correspondence. The owners may recover it by matching the handwriting, correcting the grammar and the spelling, and paying for this notice.

"When Buddy looks up, how blue his eyes are. That sweater he has on makes them so blue it hurts one to look at them."

"He looks good in blue, but I had not noticed how blue his eyes were."

Is your car growing rusty, drab, and scarred—out of harmony with the spring-time freshness? "Save the surface and you save all." Try my Automobile Dyanshine. One ten-gallon can of this wonderful veneer will restore the pristine beauty of your coupe. Apply with a tooth brush; fan gently at first, then gradually more vigorously until the first coat dries. Apply the remaining five coats at intervals of three days. Rub briskly but lightly with a piece of satin. The result will be dazzling. One application of brilliantine after the last polishing will heighten the gloss and produce a more enduring glitter.—Fay Hamilton.

Spend the Summer Perfect at the School Beautiful in the Climate Wonderful

FIND NEW ADVENTURE IN THIS LAND
OF RUGGED MOUNTAIN BEAUTY

HOUSING PROGRAM: 1029 palatial lodges, each furnished with a mouse, a sink, and a broom closet.

Shopping and sight-seeing in quaint Mexican bazaars.

SPORTS FOR ALL SEASONS AND AGES: Bathing, Swimming, Surf-boarding, Yachting, and Outrigger-canoeing from Britt Beach on Caldwell Creek. Thoroughbred Horses and low-bred Grooms provided by our extensive Stables. Whippet and greyhound races daily. Bull-fighting on Sunday afternoons.

ALL OUTDOOR SPORTS: Lawn Bowling, Tennis, Polo, Archery, Golf, Croquet, Baseball, Cycling, Roller-skating, Motoring, Hiking, Flying, and Mumblepeg; Big-game Hunting, such as Snipe-shooting, Crap-shooting, and Bull-shooting.

WINTER SPORTS: Sleighing, Skiing, Tobogganing, Snow-ballng, and Ice-boating.

ALSO INDOOR SPORTS: Keno, Roulette, High-five, Stud and Draw Poker, Black Jack, Bridge, Rummy, Old Maid, Bunko, Flinch, Post Office, Authors, Jackstraws, Tiddleywinks, Dominoes, Kelly Pool, and a great variety of Slot Machines maintained on the campus for the edification of School Superintendents and Principals.

IF YOU DO NOT FIND HERE WHAT YOU WANT, WIRE AT OUR EXPENSE. WE WILL APPRECIATE ANY SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVING OUR PROGRAM.

Registrar.

Sul Ross State Teachers College

"In the Alps of Texas"

S U L R O S S C R E D O: *Installment No. 2*

By CHLORINE FITTS

This is the second installment of the CREDO, a collection of the paleolithic beliefs so fondly cherished by the average Rossonian. For the first see the *Dirtline* for 1928. It is the work of Duncan Scott, '28.

Every good Rossonian believes

30

That Miss Cowan has a well-developed spy system of no less than twenty-five stool-pigeons, and that she spends her evenings cruising about in her dilapidated flivver with her eagle eye peeled for strolling neckers.

31

That no girl ever was the same sweet thing after returning from a jaunt to Kokernot Springs.

32

That the college clock is always either fifteen minutes fast or fifteen minutes slow.

33

That the publicity stories sown broadcast over the state by the Skyline Free News Service send hordes of students flocking to our halls of learning.

34

That Dolores Taylor has read and understood all the books that have ever been written and several that haven't been and never will be.

35

That English Profs. are lifeless, dull, and bone-dry.

36

That the girls at Berkeley Hall have furnished their rooms with pilferings from the Del Norte and the Hussman.

37
That the business men of Alpine who employ football players have never got a dime's worth of work out of any of them.

38

That one who isn't wild about dancing, who detests bridge and isn't a veritable tea hound, is an ignoramus.

39

That a Freshman isn't a good sport who doesn't grab ankles and bend the back of his lap when an upper classman desires to perform a juicy belting.

40

That Lover's Rock is a romantic spot.

41

That Girls' Basket Ball is a comedy of errors.

42

That college damsels who park in cars for brief tête-à-têtes will never make good school teachers.

43

That after a student has walked up College Hill several times, he doesn't notice the incline.

44

That Alpine has some lovely scenery, which, if one could get around to scenery, would be well worth taking in.

45

That a dormitory is a refuge for "good" girls.

46

That one can very easily pull Mr. Coleman out of a grade.

47

That Mrs. Gilley is a regular termagant and awaits

her young charges with the ire of little Lord Fauntleroy's granddaddy.

48

That Mrs. Vandersall always hates one if one happens to be her student.

49

That a date with a football man,—whether stupid or bright, ugly or fetching, muggy or manly—is the hot stuff.

50

That all the tricks pulled at Berkeley Hall are maliciously executed by the willowy clinging vine, Kitts.

51

That the college librarians know every bit of every book, magazine and pamphlet in the outfit and can give minute and detailed suggestions, interpretations, and bits of wisdom about, regarding, pertaining to, and concerning each.

52

That the Annex Overseers are well beloved and will be long remembered by dormitory inmates as "Partners in crime."

53

No cheating ever goes on at Sul Ross unless it's during exam time.

54

That faculty members hate publicity, and that the chagrin they endure upon observing articles about themselves rankles in their breasts indefinitely.

55

That Donabel Bushong and M. L. Ballou are trotting around on air and dreaming their lives away—

56

That it's a powerfully difficult matter to get into the Girls Choral Club, and that one should 'most nigh be able to carry a tune before one succeeds in gaining entrance.

Parlez-Vous Francais?

Today it is assumed that you speak French.

And why not—when you can learn so easily?

French phrases are used in daily conversation—if you cannot reply with a gay repartee, you lose countenance with the smart social set and the modern Hedonist.

I guarantee a true Parisienne accent. You need no longer feel like a Parvenu. Astonish French waiters. Snap fingers and call clearly, "Gareon!" You need not be tongue-tied. My course will give you, ready made, bright French witticisms suitable for various occasions, for example "Qui n'a santé n'a rien."

If you prefer to learn Spanish, Italian, Latin, German, or Portuguese indicate choice in lower right hand corner of this page.

Miss Stather Elliott.

THE DIRTLINE

57

That Bob Clark has his sleeves full of coins, colored scraps, and whatnots and that some safety deposit vault must be tucked away between his abdomen and shirtfront.

58

That a Beauty Contest must consist of oodles of elements other than the main issue.

59

That this Greek Journalistic Society is most concerned as to the rating of its pledges.

60

That the Sachems will have their Wigwam by Indian summer.

61

That the library is a place for necking on paper.

62

That week-end parties imply more than they mean.

63

That picnics bring one back limp, weary, starved, snake-bitten, swollen with

poison ivy and with a heavy case of indigestion and a smarting inclination toward a ruptured humor.

64

That married women are privileged characters around the college, and although they are quite stupid, the profs give them "A's" to keep from hurting their feelings.

65

That great goings-on go on behind locked doors in the Music Room.

66

That in spite of the fact that most of the faculty women are making some \$400, they are very lonely and unhappy; that they consider trips to New York and Europe small compensation for being single; and that if they had a chance to give up the jobs and marry a Real Silk salesman who was making but 32 iron men a week, they would jump at it in a minute.

67

That the Sul Ross Credo is just a big old Copy-cat and a lot of boloney.

FACULTY SPINSTERS IN UNGUARDED MOMENT OPEN UP AND REVEAL

(Cont. from Page 1)

FRANKIE COCHRAN, SUL ROSS SENIOR

(Cont. from Page 1)

who could not love his dear so much loved he not honor more,—that gripping story of the lover who did not return from war—the Civil War it was in each of these cases. The Inquiring Reporter tiptoed softly out, more affected than he cared to admit.

He found Miss Cowan sitting alone in the office of the Dean of Women, contemplating with satisfaction the long blond hair of the scalp she had just jerked off a necker.

"Why have I never married?" asked Miss Cowan ruminatingly. "Well—". And just here she was called to the long-distance telephone. She did not return. A brunette sophomore who was waiting for a conference with the Dean shyly volunteered: "I wonder why Miss Cowan didn't marry. It isn't that she isn't interested in men. Why she is a collector of men's pedigrees. She makes every one of us tell her the life history of the men we go with."

But the Inquiring Reporter wanted only first-hand information. He sought the Art Room.

"Why didn't I ever get married?" asked Miss Keeler, hurling a mask of Ox Cowan at a giggling freshman. "Now, let me tell you, Kid, it wasn't because I didn't have plenty of chances. See? Boy, when I was in Chicago there was never a night I didn't go to some high-powered place—see? a night club or on an opera—with some fellow artist or millionaire, see? And one time, see?—" But the Inquiring Reporter could allow only so much space to each lady; so he slipped out and secured an interview with Miss Coon.

"Why I haven't married—yet?" queried the little blond lady. That yet threw the reporter off. It hinted of interesting disclosures. He reached for her left hand hidden in her lap. But nothing sparkled from the left finger. He waited but the romance he had scented was not forthcoming. He soon realized that Miss Coon had nothing to confide; she was merely bluffing.

Disgruntled, he mounted to Miss Aynesworth's room. Her explanation was brief.

"I have never been able to talk," she declared. "Many weary hours have I spent trying in vain to think of something to say. Finally, tired

of having to make conversation, my lovers all left me. The last married a deaf and dumb girl. I failed to understand why I was such a conversational failure, for I read all of the etiquette books and did my best to make pleasant conversation. I subscribed for every "How to Be Popular" book, but they never seemed to work. When it was my time to talk I always found myself speechless. And so the suitors dropped off one by one."

As the reporter was leaving, Miss Aynesworth called him back.

"Of course I'm not very domestic," she admitted wistfully. "But," with naive pride, "I can make delicious macaroons and patience and a few other things. But I suppose a man wouldn't think he could live on macaroons and candy and salad dressing, even with poetry thrown in. Men are such husky fellows, with such appetites. I really think, though, it was my shyness and difficulty in talking that ruined my chances, for I was wise enough to conceal my lack of culinary skill." The reporter heartily agreed.

He found Miss Billingsley busily catching rain water in pickle jars and storing it away in her garage for future shampoos. She courteously corked her bottles, and came to the point at once.

"It's my passion for speed-ing," she said. "Men don't care for the sporting type of woman. I have tried to break myself of reckless driving, but somehow, before I know it, the speedometer of my 1914 Buick mounts to fifteen miles. And so—I speed alone."

Miss Britt gave a terse and curiosity-provoking reply to the Inquiring Reporter's now glib question.

"Come around a little later," she said, "and I'll tell you why I did marry. Good morning."

Miss Thomas, familiarly known as Aunt Rosey, broke into a gale of laughter. "Various reasons—a different one for each suitor. And I've forgotten most of them."

Miss Pendley, too, was brief, charging her singleness up to her extravagant use of cosmetics.

Misses Elliott and Linn refused to make any statement.

Mr. Fortner also testified that Cochran had been attending the movies regularly for the last three months. The most outstanding testimony given by Mrs. Waldman as to her brother's insanity is the fact that his favorite pastime is chasing cockroaches in his room with a butterfly net.

After these testimonies the case in hand was brought up. First Velma May, who was with Frankie at the time of the tragedy, told the story. She stated that they started for El Dorado at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Cochran drove fast and recklessly, and Miss May was sure she heard him murmur "Revenge" several times. About four miles out on the Davis highway she saw a pretty little calf grazing by the roadside. Turning to Irene Parker, who was the other girl, she remarked, "That's a pretty animal." At the same moment she was almost sure she heard Frankie whisper hoarsely to himself, "I'll get him." Just at that moment he turned the car off the road and started fiercely toward the calf. The calf would have probably been killed if Irene Parker, who was sitting next to Cochran had not jerked the wheel just as they reached the little creature. They at once jumped out of the car. All thought the calf dead, as it lay so still and white in the fast-growing pool of blood. Frankie seemed very much upset then and rushed the little, maimed animal to the Turney Hospital.

The next witness was Irene Parker who gave almost identical testimony to that of Velma May, except that she heard Cochran clearly say "Revenge" and "I'll get him."

The last witness was the pale and wan little calf with a sad, hurt look in his velvety brown eyes. He testified that the attack took him utterly by surprise. He also testified that he had known Cochran before. His mother had been owned by Frankie's parents when he, the calf, was in infancy. It had been Frankie's duty to milk the cow, and even then Frankie seemed to hate the little calf, kicking him whenever he got in the way.

The jury has not yet rendered its decision because it is tied, but the general opinion is that Cochran's plea for insanity will not hold good after the calf's testimony. The whispered words Miss May and Miss Parker heard also seem to indicate premeditated murder.

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THE DIRTLINE

PROF. ALLEN SPEAKS ON OPERA

"Mary Garden Ain't So Hot"
He Declares

The Class begins....

"Well, I've been to Grand Opera, and it may be all it's cracked up to be, I don't know. Anyway, I decided that opera isn't so high brow as I thought it was. That's one thing I've always hoped that no one would ever think I was—high brow. But right off the reel I decided that I was going to Grand Opera again when I had the chance, because—well it's really good. I enjoyed every minute of it.

"It was all about this beautiful woman that lived in Alexandria. And say, that Mary Garden woman didn't make such a hit with me. Pretty good for an old lady, though, I guess,—if you like old ladies. But listen, she sure did know how to drape herself. Then there was the hero, a preacher that lived out in the desert and fasted, and say, he couldn't even lock his hands over his stomach. There was another guy in it, a Mexican fellow. I liked him. The girls ought to go just to see him. It is plenty worth the money. But as I was saying, this preacher man had a vision and decided

to reform this old gal, and she started out to reform him and sure enough before it was over they both succeeded and the beautiful lady died.

"Yes, it was good. I enjoyed that "Meditation." I didn't know what it was then, and don't yet, but it was good. That violin man was some player. I guess he took longer than I did, which was six months. I can play a crucified edition of Old Black Joe.

"The music was passable, and the dancing was grand. Don't know as I ever saw better. Some of them had on ancient Egyptian costumes that weren't almost. Don't know how they kept from running into each other, but they always managed to do just right.

"Yes, Grand Opera is different to what I had thought. I had a grudge against it like I did Shakespeare and now I'm rid of both of them.

"But that's that.

"Say, those dancing girls were sure an eyeful. That one with the beautiful——"

Bell....

High-Powered Critics Say "Our Betty" is the Real Right Thing

Her Process is the Mystery and Envy of Art World

New York critics have hailed Miss Betty Keefer as the "World's Greatest Etcher" as a result of the exhibit of Indian studies in the National Art Institute of that city. One critic was so dazzled by the sheer beauty and stark reality of her work that it was necessary to use pulmonary applications in order to restore respiration. Women and men, affected by the poignant loveliness of the etchings, shed tears unashamed.

Although still a very young woman, Miss Keefer has invented an etching process which is the envy of artists the world over. King's ransoms have been offered for the revelation of her secret. In spite of this overpowering popularity, Miss Keefer is the same sweet, modest girl she was before her world-wide fame. She is not ashamed of the folks from the old home town, and smiles in kindly recognition at the childhood friends when she meets them on the street. She shuns publicity; indeed, it is rumored that she pays reporters to withhold stories of her growing success. Although she has been offered several million jobs she refuses to leave her position as art instructor in a small college, Sul Ross State Teachers' College, situated in the wilds of Western Texas.

The Physical Education Department received a new Basket Ball recently. With it came a written guarantee, attesting that the ball was made of genuine calf. The ball will be used only when visitors come to the gym.

Pay your medical fee and enjoy the luxury of an old-time green apple tummy-ache—adv.

Young Men: Let Dr. McGonagill sell you his formula for dispensing with sleep.

SOCIETY

Misses Ivine Shields and Phyllis Burton were the guests of honor at a lovely dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Harve Cottle Monday night at their beautiful new home.

Miss Ivine Shields' birthday was celebrated in royal fashion this week when she was given a dainty luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Harve Cottle. The guests included Miss Phyllis Burton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harve Cottle spent the week end in El Paso (and vicinity) shopping. Miss Phyllis Burton and Miss Ivine Shields were their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Harve Cottle are planning to leave soon for an extended motor trip through the Western States. Miss Phyllis Burton and Miss Ivine Shields will be their guests.

WITHOUT THE BOOKS

(Continued from Page 4)

indexed under suggestive headings, and select the one appropriate for each friend in whose Brand he writes. The extracts below are chosen at random.

To a Girl One Has Known One Week.

"Dear Betty:

You've only been here only a week, but I've learned to love you a lot. I think you have charming ways, such a nice complexion, and even teeth. I never met you before you asked me to write in your Brand, but I love you a lot and hope you'll never forget me. Oh, yes, my name is

Anin Nosliw"

FOR ONE'S FIANCÉE

"My Beloved Angel:

Long have I waited for this golden opportunity of writing in your book, dearest one. I long for you each hour of the day, and by night dream that you are mine. Truthfully, my bit of heaven, I can't wait for the day when I shall call you my own dear beloved little wife. The pathway of our life will be strewn thick with roses and the birds will ever sing a merry note by our windows, love bird, when you are mine. The sun will ever be shining in my heart when you are mine.

Your own devoted affectionate, true lover,

Eimmij Llerret"

A CLASSIC RECLASSED

LEANDER AND HERO AND OTHER TALES, By Pokey Stevens. 200 pp. \$3.00.

ALPINE: The West Texas Hysterical Society.

This interesting book of short stories is written after the manner of John Erskine, whose theory is that the secret of writing is to present an old story from a new angle. The appeal of the original tales is preserved, and there is an added charm of modern psychology and racy present day idiom, as the following excerpt will illustrate.

"This hombre Leander swims the Hellespont every night, without fail, to chin with this here dame what lives on the other side and feeds the Venus de Milo's birds. This lady de Milo's been crippled in the arms from some sort of an accident. Probably speeding some in her Diana 8, or flying too low in her Spad.

This sweet lettuce o f

Leander's is named Hero, and she hangs out a nifty flashlight every night to guide her sugardaddy across. One night being busy showing the birds to Venus' last butter an' egg man, she slips up on her job, and forgets to hang out the lantern. Old Leander flops into the lake all the same, and swims up an' down, looking for a signal. But Hero, being sort of interested herself in Venus' company, keeps on forgetting. 'Bout half-past eleven she recollects and runs down to hang out her flash; but Leander has swum back, leaving word on the other bank, that he is drowned, so's not to be bothered anymore.

"There's just as good gals live on my side of the drink,' says ol' Leander, and calls it a day."

CHEAP

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THE END

Epilogue

AMIGOS, compadres and condiscipulos, we salute you, our labors finished, and their result now before you. We are weary, for we have traveled many and diverse trails, climbed mountains, trekked to the river through sand and dirt, hunted for trails that the last big rain had obliterated, alternately shivered and sweated to bring to you these chronicles of yourself, and incidentally of the land and its people, the Mexicans of our border. We hit the smugglers' trail of what we knew about you, and the happy trail of our good times together. We went into the highways and the byways to find the goat, the burro, the fawn, the deer; and even the fierce and fighting bob-eat we pursued to his den. And we ourselves have been pursued, and oft beset, by the insidious languor of mañana, but have conquered its spirit, that you might have your book, and its wealth of memories. The haunt of the Redman, the home of the Mexican, and the memories of the pioneer we have found and put within your book. The things of yesterday, today, and tomorrow we have made yours. If you like what we have wrought, through these trials and tribulations, then are we well repaid. If one picture pleases you, then we shall not worry about the blisters upon our heels, the wounds where caetus became too intimate, and we shall cease to shiver at the risks that were ours, when we hunted the wild beast to his lair, with no weapon save our trusty camera and a pair of willing legs.

But if you should ask us how we came by some items of our information, we should be forced to answer, in the words of our compadre "*¿Quién sabe?*" What we knew we told; what we did not know we guessed at; and what we did not know but thought we ought to know, we told anyway. And yet we have perhaps omitted many choice bits. But again "*¿Quién sabe?*"—meaning we can't be bothered now; we go to the land of mañana to recuperate. The book is yours. Adios, amigos; buena fortuna.



ADVERTISEMENTS

IN the following important section of the Brand, you will find our staunchest friends, men of the Big Bend who have believed in us to the extent of these advertisements placed within the pages of our annual. Let us not fail this friendly trust, for their support is a prime factor in making this book possible. Our patronage of them can be but a small return for their faith in us, the student body of Sul Ross.

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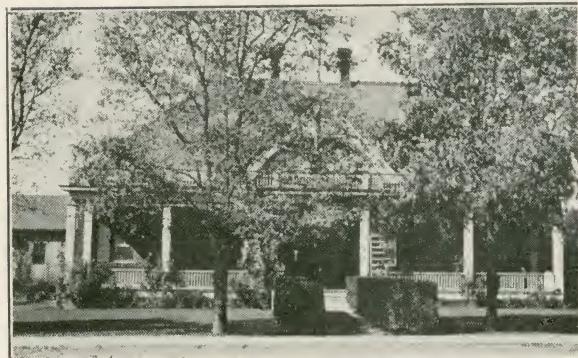
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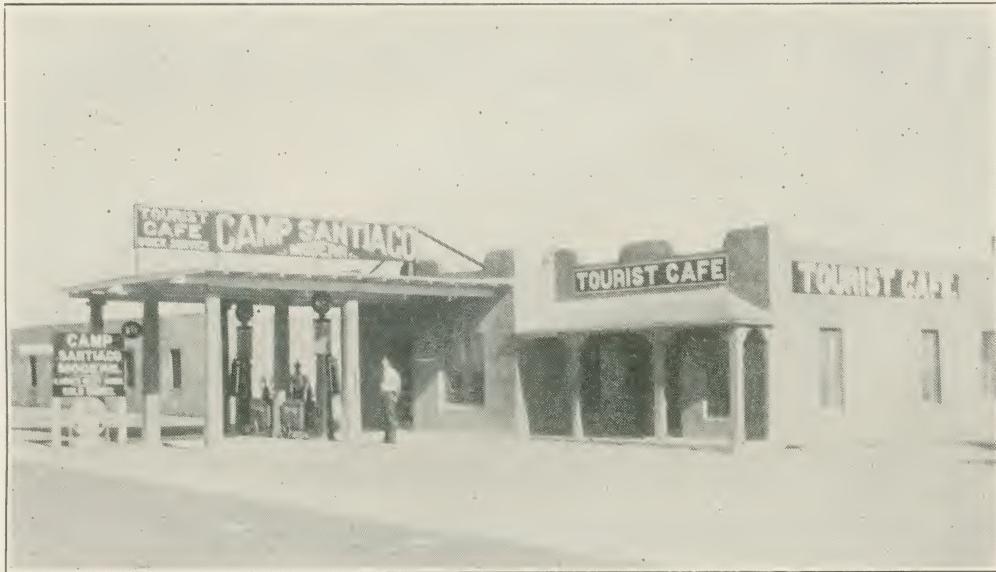
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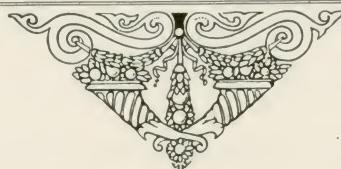
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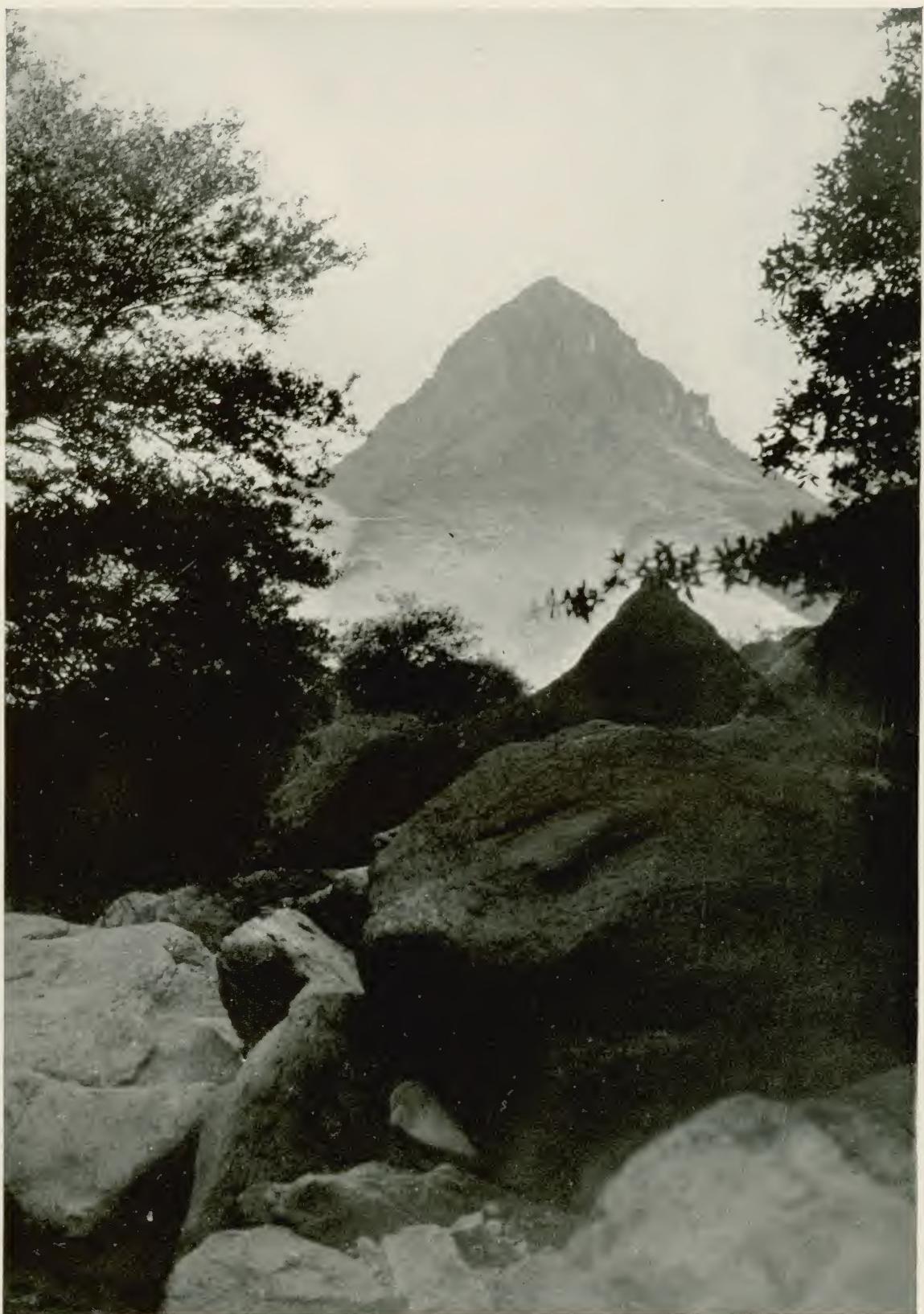
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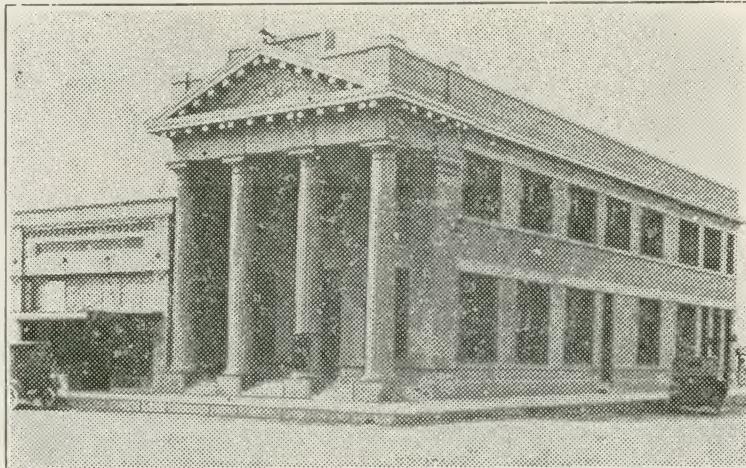


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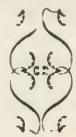
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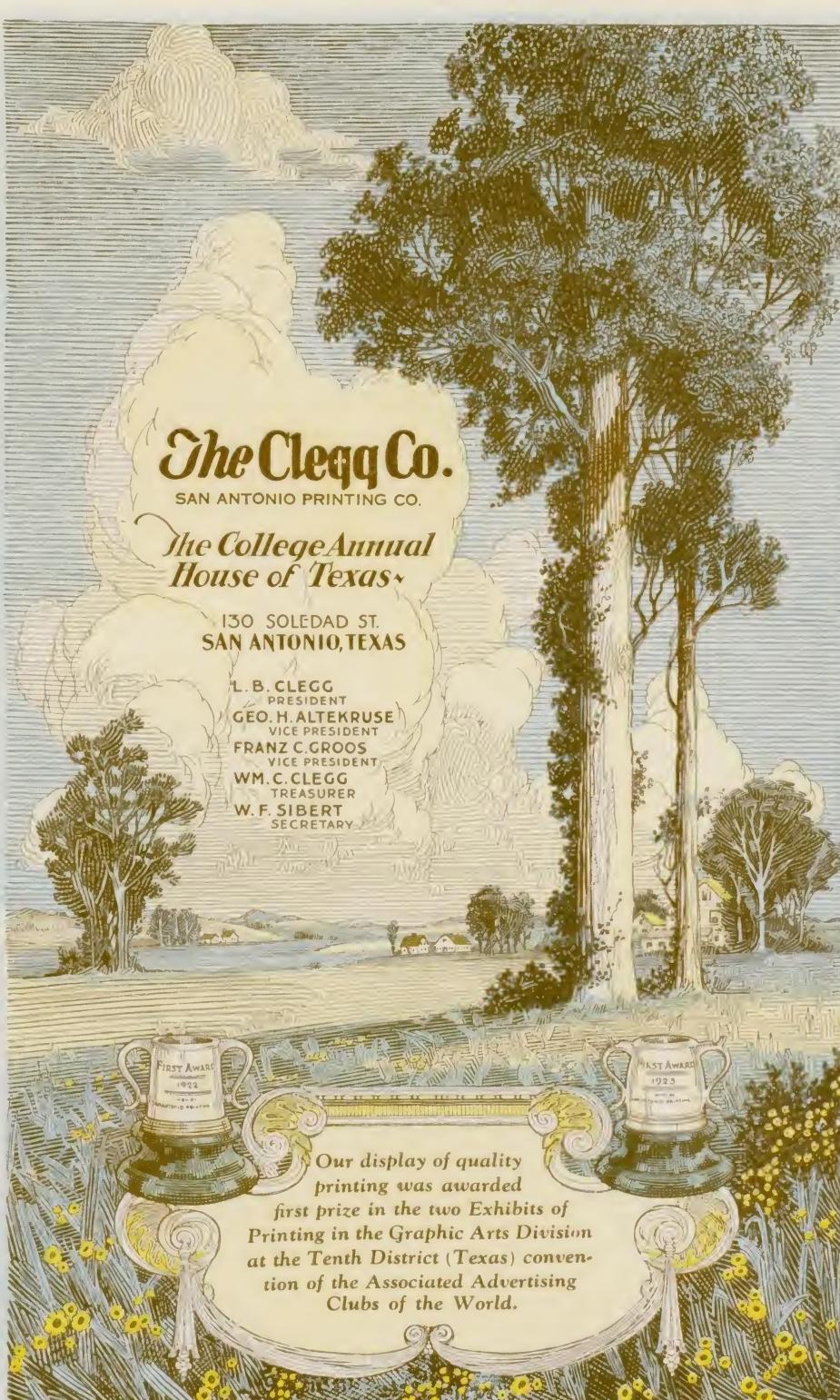
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